

The Sketch

No. 1063.—Vol. LXXXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



WITH HER LITTLE BLACK PAGE: LADY DIANA MANNERS AS Mlle. DE FONTANGES IN "THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.," AT "A FÊTE AT VERSAILLES," AT THE ALBERT HALL.

We need scarcely say that the "Fête at Versailles," at the Albert Hall last week, was a success. Photographs of others who took part in the Courts, or were present among the other guests, are given elsewhere in this issue.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

"THE SKETCH" SUMMER NUMBER.

The next issue of "The Sketch," which will be dated June 18, will be the Summer Number, and we believe will be accepted as being as bright as ever. As it is certain that the demand for copies will be very great, orders should be placed with newsagent or bookstall immediately. The price, as usual, will be One Shilling. In addition to many novel features, the number will contain reproductions in full colours of seven remarkably interesting paintings by Penrhyn Stanlaws, Claude R. Shepperson, Edmund Blampied, Ernest H. Shepard, W. Barribal, Purell Jones, and Hal Hurst. Again we would urge: order your copy or copies at once.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Sir J. M. Barrie. Sir J. M. Barrie's baronetcy is one of the nicest things that have happened this summer. Everybody who earns a living by the pen will rejoice that this splendid honour has fallen to a man purely on account of his literary genius, and for no other reason whatever. It is the first time in English history, I suppose, that such a thing has happened.

Besides, it is always delightful when the mind of a King and the mind of a nation are in harmony. If you or I, friend the reader, had been asked what we should like to do for J. M. Barrie, we should have said, without hesitation, "Oh, make him a baronet." And then we opened our papers on the morning of the King's birthday to find the thing done! Which shows that the great little man was right when he reminded us, and made us confess in public, that the fairies are not dead. It must be good, at such times, to be a King and be able to wave a fairylike wand.

Why was Barrie made a baronet? I have no doubt that a certain number of cynics will ask the question. "Why was Hardy passed over? Why was Kipling passed over?" You can hear the buzz at all the clubs. Well, it is not for us to make comparisons. Personally, I would give baronetcies to both Hardy and Kipling with the greatest pleasure. In the meantime, the fact before us is that Barrie is a baronet, and he is a baronet, I think, because he has helped so many thousands of people along the tiring road of life, and because England and the British Empire is the sweeter and the finer for his having lived and written.

Creating a Precedent.

In conferring this baronetcy on J. M. Barrie, the King has done a great deal more than honour a literary genius. He has shown what he thinks of the profession of letters. Men of letters have been kicked about and trodden under foot too long. The very qualities that make them men of letters are responsible for this. A man who works in the solitude of his study is necessarily modest; however bold he may be in print, the nature of his work causes him to be shy and retiring in public. He is not accustomed to the glare of publicity and the glitter of banquets and the noisy enthusiasm of crowded meetings.

He is, moreover, a person of very delicate sensibilities. You cannot understand the joys and sorrows of others sufficiently deeply to write about them unless you are acutely sympathetic, and you cannot be acutely sympathetic without having delicate sensibilities, and you cannot have delicate sensibilities without laying yourself open, like a raw wound, to the common jibes of the vulgar who have no sensibilities. It needs a writer to understand a writer. It needs a writer to understand why writers do not care to discuss their own writings with strangers across dinner-tables. Actors are generally willing to talk about their work with anybody and everybody. Writers hate to be asked careless and trivial questions about their books or their characters. They are fair game, therefore, for the vulgar, and the vulgar have taken full advantage of them. That will gradually, perhaps, be altered.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

I rejoice, too, that a knighthood has been conferred upon Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Here is another man who, I think, has been kept out of his inheritance by his own modesty. For years past, the public have been quite ready to make an idol of Forbes-Robertson, but he never gave them the chance. When so many are clamouring for idolatry, it is a sort of self-indulgence to sit still and let the waves of enthusiasm pass over your head. You must hold up your head and clamour, or the silly, blundering public will pass you by. Forbes-Robertson never held up his head and clamoured.

He never, so far as I can remember, had a London theatre of his very own—a theatre, that is to say, with which his name, and his alone, was prominently identified. That is what the public like and understand; they do not understand these fitful seasons.

All London went to worship at the feet of Forbes-Robertson some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when he was playing Hamlet at the Lyceum. They did not go to see his scenery or his company; they went to see a magnificent piece of work by a great actor. Forbes-Robertson, after that, might easily have established himself in London with a fine theatre of his own. A hundred men would have been glad to find the money. But he did not. He went a-touring in England and America. The Americans acclaimed him and made much of him, because Americans are much quicker than we are to appreciate a man at his true worth. Forbes-Robertson had to announce his retirement before England woke up to him; then Drury Lane was not big enough to hold his admirers. We were nearly, but not quite, too late.

Flogging for Burglars.

A gentleman writes to one of my daily papers requesting that burglars shall be flogged now and again whilst in prison.

"Apart from the physical injury often inflicted on police and public by thieves," he says, "the annual loss to the community is enormous. Besides the personal loss and worry involved, the public have to pay the extra cost of police, prosecutions, etc., and, in short, suffer all round. The only remedy is for every convicted burglar and thief to have a good flogging or two during imprisonment, and I am sure the evil would be checked. The receiver should be equally punished. No one is immune from the depredations of these parasites owing to the present state of the law."

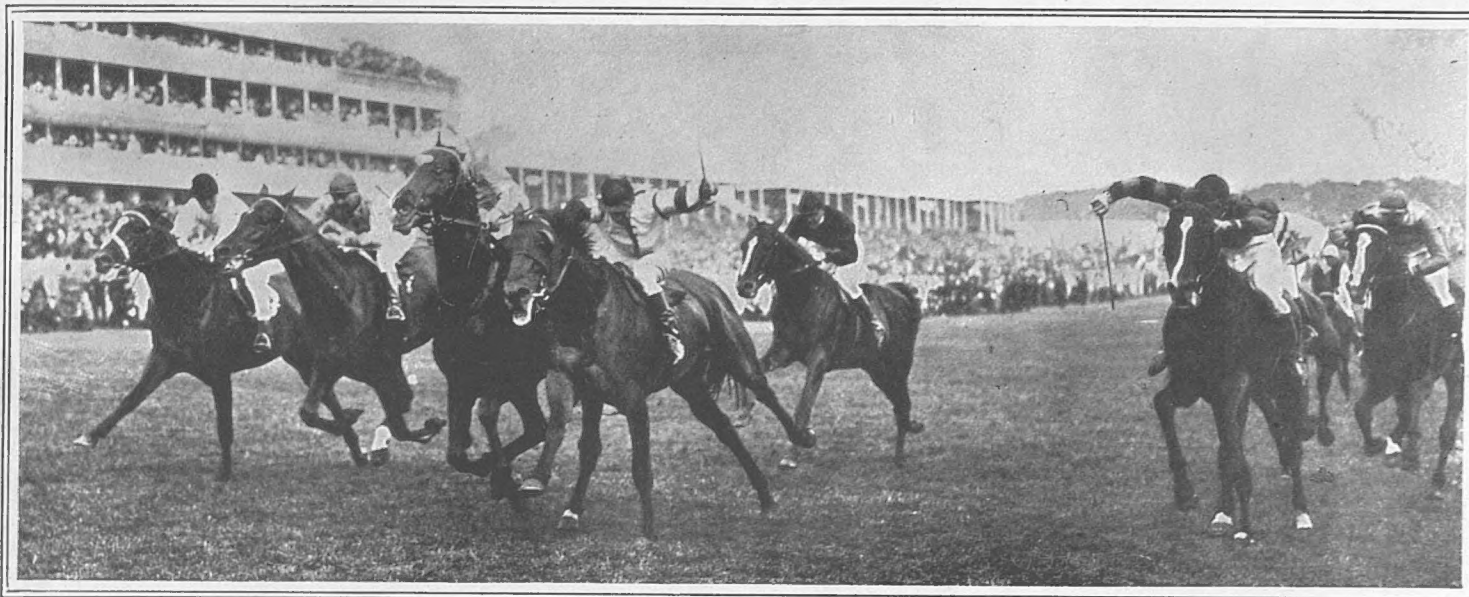
There is not the slightest doubt, I think, that burglary is on the increase. In this small Surrey village where I live, almost every house of any size at all has been entered, during the last year or two, by burglars. During the last Easter holiday, five houses were entered in one night, two of them in the same road as my own house. It is not the actual value of the things stolen that matters: I have not much sympathy with people who set such enormous store by their silly little worldly possessions. The real harm lies in the strain on the nerves in many cases—the state of expectancy that prevents nervous people from getting the refreshing sleep at night which the constitution requires, and to which they are entitled.

"The Holiday Muddle."

The *Daily Mail*, through Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, is trying to alter the system of English holiday-making. Mr. Fyfe says, and quite rightly, that it is absurd for everybody to take their holidays in August and September, thereby causing an overflow at the hotels and lodging-houses, and great discomfort on the railways. He urges people to make holiday in "the sweet o' the year"—that is to say, May and June.

I agree with Mr. Fyfe's rebuke, but not with his remedy. The trouble is really caused not by people all taking their holidays at once, but by taking the whole holiday at once. A man needs a holiday before he settles down for the winter, but he also needs one after the winter. A man who is in the habit of taking a month's holiday should split it up into four separate weeks, and a man who has a fortnight's holiday should take a week in the spring and a week in September. It may be urged that this could not be arranged; that the business of the country would be disorganised. I reply, "Let it be disorganised. The business of the country was instituted for the comfort of Man—not Man for the business of the country."

THE BUMPING AND THE SUFFRAGETTE DERBY: TWO SENSATIONS.



THE BUMPING FINISH OF THE RACE, WHICH ENDED IN THE DISQUALIFICATION OF CRAGANOUR: THE LEADING HORSES—SHOWING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, NIMBUS, GREAT SPORT, CRAGANOUR, ABOYEUR, SUN-YAT, LOUVOIS, AND SHOGUN.



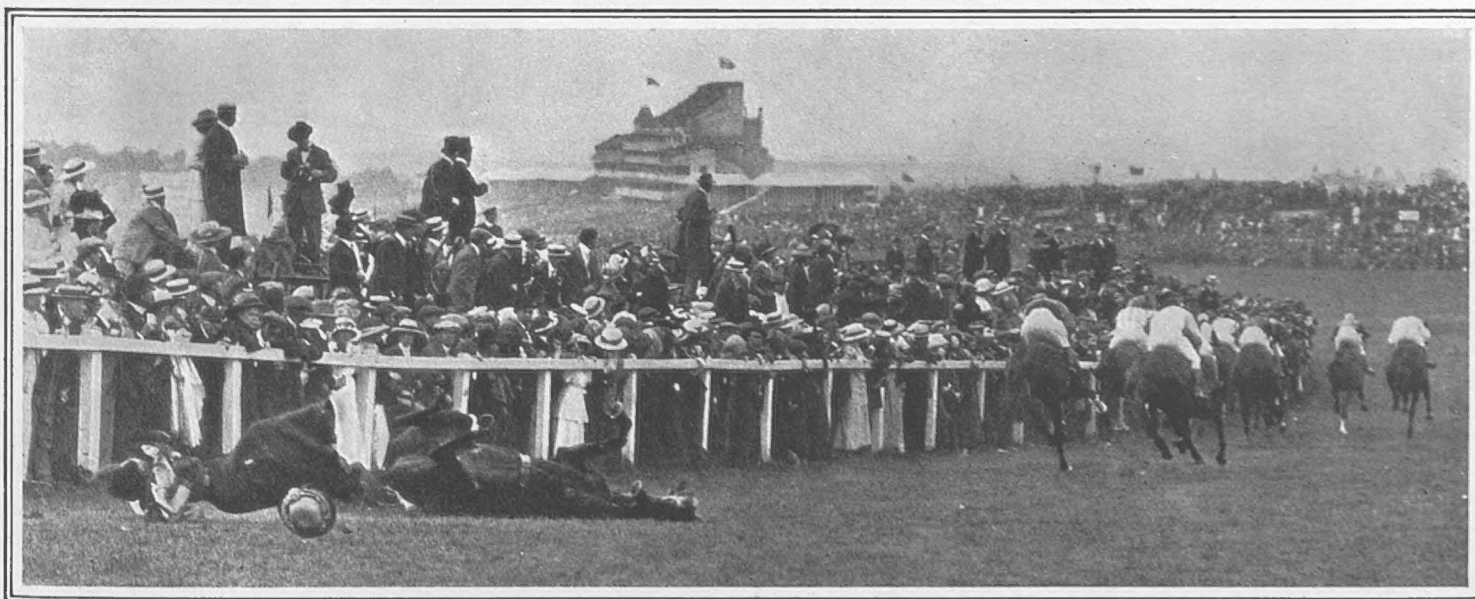
LEADING IN THE HORSE WHICH WAS FIRST PAST THE POST, BUT WAS DISQUALIFIED: MR. C. BOWER ISMAY WITH CRAGANOUR (J. REIFF UP).



SHOWING HOW NEAR THE HORSES WERE TO ONE ANOTHER: THE FINISH OF THE DERBY.



THE HORSE AT WHICH THE SUFFRAGETTE THREW HERSELF; H. JONES, WHO WAS INJURED, UP: HIS MAJESTY'S ANMER DURING THE PARADE.



THE MOMENT AFTER THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE HAD RUSHED ON TO THE COURSE AT TATTENHAM CORNER AND CAUSED THE KING'S HORSE TO FALL: A SNAPSHOT SHOWING MISS DAVISON FALLING TO THE GROUND AND THE FALLEN HORSE AT THE MOMENT OF THE ACCIDENT.

The Derby of Wednesday, June 4, will be remembered for a very long time. There were two sensations, one of them, at all events, unprecedented. As the race was being run, a woman—since identified as Miss Emily Wilding Davison, the well-known Suffragette, who has been militant for a considerable time, and was the woman who struck a Baptist minister, mistaking him for Mr. Lloyd George—rushed on to the course at Tattenham Corner, apparently hurled herself against the King's horse, Anmer, caused the animal to fall, and brought injury to Herbert Jones, the King's jockey, and to herself. Craganour was first past the post, but was disqualified for bumping. Thus the race was awarded to Aboyeur, a 100 to 1 chance; with Louvois second and Great Sport third.—[Photographs by C.N., Topical, and Farrington Photo. Co.]

LOUIS XIV.'S RECEPTION AT THE ALBERT HALL: WELL.



1. MRS. HARRY LINDSAY AS NELL GWYNN IN "THE COURT OF ENGLAND."
2. THE EARL OF NORBURY AS THE KING OF DENMARK AND NORWAY.
3. THE COUNTESS OF MARCH AS CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, QUEEN OF CHARLES II.
4. CAPTAIN THE HON. MYLES PONSONBY AS THE STANDARD-BEARER; LADY NEWBOROUGH; AND LORD LUDLOW—OF "THE COURT OF POLAND."
5. CAPTAIN HARRY LINDSAY AS KING CHARLES II.
6. PRINCE PAUL OF SERBIA AS THE DAUPHIN, SON OF LOUIS XIV.

7. LADY MARY STUART-WORTLEY AS A LADY OF "THE COURT OF TURKEY."
8. THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AND MRS. WALTER RUBENS—OF "THE COURT OF RUSSIA."
9. "THE COURT OF THE ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG," WITH THE COUNTESS BLUCHER VON WAHLSTATT AS DOROTHEA OF BRUNSWICK-CELLE, SECOND CONSORT OF THE ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG, AND COUNT BLUCHER VON WAHLSTATT AS FREDERICK WILLIAM, ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG (IN THE CENTRE).

The great "Fête at Versailles," at the Albert Hall last week, was a great social success. The Queen was amongst those present. The Courts who visited the Court of Louis XIV. of Poland, the Court of Portugal, the Court of Russia, the Court of the Great Mogul, the Court of Spain, the Court of Sweden, the Court of Turkey, and the Court of Venice.

KNOWN MASQUERADERS AT "A FÊTE AT VERSAILLES."



10. "THE CHINESE ENVOY TO THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.," THE GROUP ORGANISED BY LADY MOND AND LADY ALEXANDER.
11. THE HON. MRS. HENRY BROUGHAM AS A LADY OF THE COURT OF RUSSIA; AND VISCOUNT NEWRY AS KING CHARLES XI. OF SWEDEN.
12. "THE COURT OF SPAIN," ORGANISED BY THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.
13. THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON AS PRINCE RADZIWILL IN THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE COURT; PRINCE DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE; AND M. ESCUDIER.

14. MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (MISS LILY ELSIE) AS A GREUZE DAIRYMAID, AND MR. IAN BULLOUGH AS A HUNTSMAN.
15. MRS. DE WINTON AS LADY CASTLEMAINE; LADY EVELYN COTTERELL AS THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH; LADY RICHARD WELLESLEY AS THE DUCHESSE DE MAZARIN; CAPTAIN HARRY LINDSAY AS KING CHARLES II.; MRS. LINDSAY AS NELL GWYNN; THE HON. MRS. E. CHAPLIN AS THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD; AND THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW AS THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND—IN "THE COURT OF ENGLAND."

were the Court of England, the Court of the Elector of Brandenburg, the Court of Denmark and Norway, the Court of Holland, the Court of the Holy Roman Empire, the Court with the Papal Nuncio, attended by two Bishops and two Friars; and the Chinese Envoy to the Court of Louis XIV.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, and G.P.U.]

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POLO AND MOTOR POLO: TREACHERY'S LOWEST DEPTH: WHY NOT "THE FRIENDS OF HAMPTON COURT"?

The International Polo Matches.

The International Polo matches are just commencing at Meadowbrook, and never has there been greater interest taken all over the world in a series of polo matches than is felt in this. The teams are the best that the United States and England can put into the field,

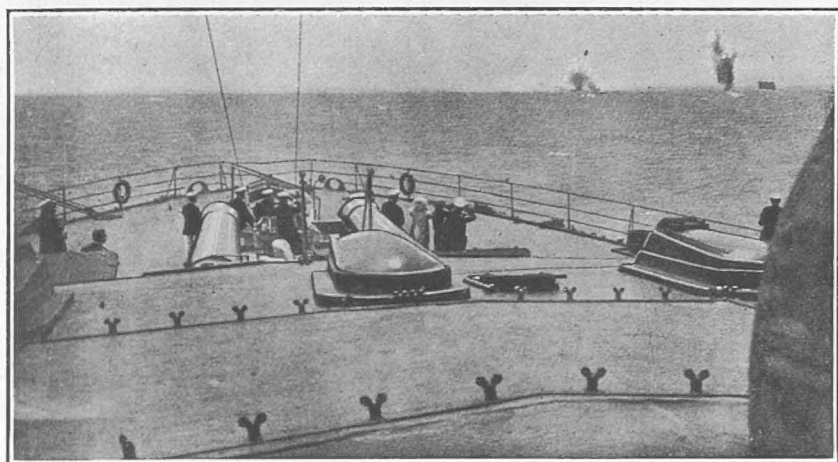
bowling which nobody liked and which did away with all the personal element in the delivery of a ball. It was not a success; the games that require any elaborate mechanism never seem to succeed. Pluck, good eyesight, a strong right arm, and a good seat on a horse are the things that go to make a good sportsman, and the less he is hampered by things mechanical the better pleased he is.

The Affaire Redl.

The Austrians will not have an Affaire Dreyfus, because Colonel Redl, taking the hint given him by his brother-officers, shot himself. In doing this, he acknowledged himself to be guilty of treachery to his country, whereas Colonel Dreyfus was innocent and protested his innocence at every period of his many trials, and of his imprisonment. The aged Austrian Emperor and the Austrian Staff are naturally much disturbed that a brother-officer should have been guilty of such baseness, and it adds to their anger and grief that they believe that Colonel Redl not only betrayed Austrian secrets of organisation to the Russians, but that he betrayed German secrets as well. It is said that he denounced to the Russian Government the Russians who were acting as spies in Austrian pay, and this seems to be the deepest depth that treachery can reach.

"The Friends of Versailles."

A French society, "The Friends of Versailles," have done, and are doing, restoration work in Versailles for which not only their own countrymen, but the thousands of people of other countries who love Versailles should thank them. The Society has restored to its old splendour the gallery of the Grand Trianon, and the inauguration ceremony corresponded with the tercentenary of Le Nôtre. Le Nôtre was the great landscape gardener of the time of Louis XIV., and the pictures in the gallery were painted by the great artists of the time to record the aspects of the wonderful gardens of Versailles. The pictures, which had been taken from their frames, and were scattered about France in museums and official furniture-stores, have been collected and restored, and put once again in their old frames, and the gallery now looks as it did when Louis XIV. gave his feasts there, or balls, or commanded comedies to be played before him. If "The Friends of Versailles" can do so much for the derelict Palace of Louis XIV. and his successors, why should not some British society be formed on similar lines? The red iron bridge which spans the river at Hampton Court, for instance, is an eyesore, and everyone who walks along the



WATCHING THE FLEET AT FIRING EXERCISE: MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH, MISS ASQUITH, MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, AND OTHERS ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA" AT MALTA.

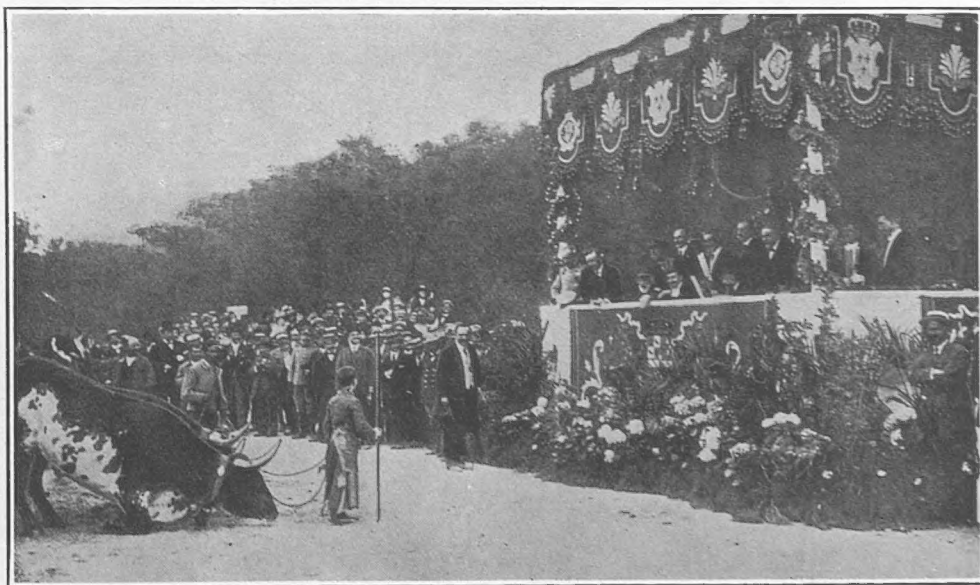
both sets of men are splendidly mounted, and if the form shown at preliminary practice is the true one, there is nothing to choose between the two sides. In one respect in America the sightseers have an advantage over us in that they will watch the polo matches, while we shall only hear about them, until, of course, the inevitable cinema films show us all the phases of the game.

Motor Polo.

America has sent us so many real "sensations" that all the people who went to Ranelagh when motor polo was first played there expected something very exciting, with a spice of danger in it. In New York, motor polo was played in the great arena at Madison Gardens, and no doubt, if it was played on a wooden floor in England, the rushes of the cars and their sudden turns would be far more effective than they were on the soft turf at Ranelagh. What the Ranelagh guests, who have all a knowledge of the game of polo, thought of motor polo was shown by the steady stream of ladies and men that, after the first ten minutes of motor polo, set away from No. 3 Ground to the tea-lawns, where the Club band was playing, and the peacocks were strutting about in the sunshine, and to the old polo-ground, where a good match of real polo was being played. A man and a pony form a combination of skill and intelligence and pluck that two men and a motor-car can never equal. Part of the delight of witnessing a good polo game is to watch how the ponies enter into the spirit of the game, the intelligence they bring to bear on it, their readiness to work with their riders, to twist like a pirouetting ballet-girl at the least hint, or to stretch into full gallop to make or save a goal. There was nothing in the work put in by the mallet-men on the cars in the motor polo to approach the beautiful wrist-work, the clever strokes, or the long, clean hitting of a good polo-player. When two cars got locked together or the ball was under the chassis of a car there came pauses of inaction which are not possible in real polo.

Mechanics in Athletics.

The less mechanism there is introduced into any sport the more we Britons appreciate that sport. I remember when I was a small boy at Harrow that one of the elderly gentlemen who used to come down to coach the Sixth Form game at cricket introduced a mechanical bowler which shot the ball very much as a bolt used to be shot from a cross-bow. There was a dead-level accuracy about its



BULLS BOWING TO KING ALFONSO: THE BEASTS' OBEISANCE TO THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT MADRID.

When King Alfonso was at the Show, a number of fine bulls were paraded before him, and, having been specially trained for the purpose, made their bows before the royal box. The King was most amused.—[Photograph by C.P.]

tow-path or goes upon the river must be conscious that it is a blot on the landscape. "The Friends of Hampton Court" might well build to replace it a stone bridge, or a brick-and-stone bridge, in keeping with the old Palace, and with the old houses by the bridge.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MISS MARSDEN—FOR TAKING ONLY ONE PUTT AT SIX HOLES IN A GOLF MATCH.



MISS JOSE METCALFE—FOR BECOMING ENGAGED TO A PEER (LORD CARBERY) THOUGH NOT AN ACTRESS.



HON. GEORGE CRICHTON—FOR MAKING AN ADMIRABLE CHOICE OF A WIFE—IN LADY MARY DAWSON.



LADY MARY DAWSON—FOR HAVING SECURED AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON FOR HER VERY OWN.



HERBERT JONES—FOR NOT BEING VERY MUCH UPSET AT BEING UPSET IN THE DERBY.

In her match with Miss Teacher, whom she defeated at the 20th hole, in the second round of the Ladies' Golf Championship, Miss E. Marsden showed extraordinary prowess with her wry-necked putter. She took only one putt to hole out at the 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 17th, and 18th greens. Miss Teacher, it will be recalled, beat Miss Cecil Leitch in the first round. Miss Marsden got through the third and fourth rounds, but was beaten in the fifth by Miss V. Pooley. Miss José Metcalfe, who is engaged to Lord Carbery, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Metcalfe, of 5, Chester Place. Lord Carbery is the tenth Baron. He came of age on May 20. The wedding of Lady Mary Dawson and the Hon. George Crichton is arranged to take place on the 12th. Lady Mary is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey. She was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation. Mr. George Crichton is the second son of the Earl of Erne. He was formerly a Major in the Coldstream Guards, and served in South Africa. Herbert Jones, the King's jockey, who was thrown in the Derby through the action of the late Miss Davison, behaved very pluckily when he recovered consciousness. One of his first thoughts was to ask after her. Though badly shaken, and with a broken rib, he was able to travel to his home near Newmarket two days later.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Kate Pragnell, Lafayette, Rita Martin, Vandyk.]



MR. A. P. CUNLIFFE—FOR OWNING THE 100 TO 1 DERBY WINNER, ABOYEUR.



MR. HANDEL BOOTH, THE SPEAKER, AND MR. PERCY ILLINGWORTH (LEFT TO RIGHT)—FOR INAUGURATING A PIGEON DERBY FROM WESTMINSTER TO PONTEFRAC AND SHIPLEY.



SIR JOHN DICKINSON—FOR BEING MADE CHIEF METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATE.

Mr. A. Cunliffe, the owner of Aboyeur—declared winner of the Derby after the disqualification of Craganour—had not previously won any of the classic races. His Charles O'Malley was third in the Derby in Lemberg's year, and his Ypsilanti won the Jubilee Handicap twice in succession. Mr. Percy Illingworth, the Chief Government Whip, M.P. for Shipley, and Mr. Handel Booth, M.P. for Pontefract (both of which places are great pigeon-fancying centres) got up a race for homing pigeons from the House of Commons to the two towns in question. The birds (80 from each town) were released from New Palace Yard on Saturday morning, in the presence of the Speaker. The winner was a bird belonging to Messrs. Harding, of Pontefract. Sir John Dickinson, who has succeeded the late Sir Henry Curtis' Bennett (on the latter's sudden death at the Mansion House) as Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, and has been knighted, was appointed to Bow Street last April, on the death of Mr. Marsham. Before that he sat at the Thames Police Court in Stepney for twenty-three years.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, and L.N.A.]



MR. L. S. CAMPBELL—FOR CAPTAINING ETON'S DREADNOUGHT, WHICH MIGHT SUIT MR. CHURCHILL.



MR. T. LEWIS—FOR TRAINING A 100 TO 1 WINNER OF THE DERBY.



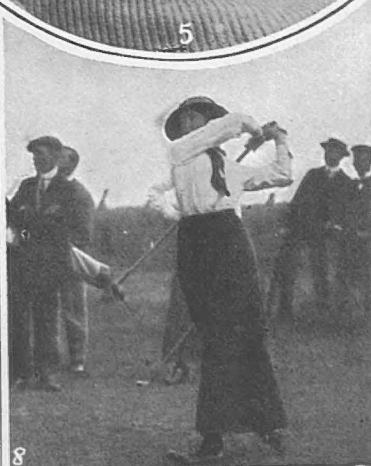
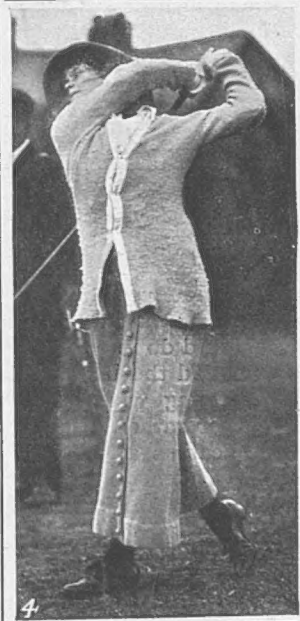
MR. W. CLARKSON—FOR APPEARING AT "VERSAILLES" IN VELAZQUEZ GARB (BEARD BY CLARKSON).



THE PUNJAUB BABY—FOR PREFERRING A CIGARETTE TO THE FEEDING-BOTTLE.

Mr. T. Lewis was the trainer of Aboyeur, the 100 to 1 Derby winner. The jockey was E. Piper. The traditional celebrations were held at Eton on June 4, ending with the procession of boats, the oarsmen clad in picturesque costumes. One of the boats was called the "Dreadnought." If Mr. Churchill is hard up for a battleship at any time, here is one he might press into the service. The photograph given above of a small Indian child smoking a cigarette comes from Jullundur, in the Punjaub. The child, who is only twelve months old, prefers a hookah to milk (the father says) on waking up in the night. Mr. Willy Clarkson, the well-known theatrical costumier, attended the "Fête at Versailles" at the Albert Hall attired as a study from Velazquez.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, and Carter.]

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: PLAYERS AT ST. ANNE'S.



1. A PAST AND A PRESENT CHAMPION "FRATERNISING": MISS MURIEL DODD, THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION, AND MISS G. RAVENSCROFT, LAST YEAR'S CHAMPION, AT ST. ANNE'S.
2. AFTER THE FINAL: THE PRESENTATION OF THE CUP TO MISS MURIEL DODD, THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION.
3. AN IRISH GIRL WHO SHOWED SOME EXCELLENT FORM: MISS S. TOBIN, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MISS DODD IN THE FIFTH ROUND, BY 2 AND 1.
4. CREATOR OF A GREAT IMPRESSION AT THE MEETING: MISS WINIFRED MARTIN-SMITH, WHO WAS BEATEN IN THE FIFTH ROUND BY MISS JACKSON, BY 3 AND 2.

5. WELL PLEASED WITH HERSELF—AND NATURALLY ENOUGH: MISS MURIEL DODD, OF THE MORETON CLUB, CHESHIRE, WHO BEAT MISS CHUBB, OF THE FULWELL CLUB, BY 8 AND 6, AND THUS BECAME LADY GOLF CHAMPION.
6. BEATEN BY MISS DODD IN THE SEMI-FINAL: MISS V. POOLEY.
7. DEFEATER OF MISS CECIL LEITCH IN THE FIRST ROUND, BY 2 AND 1; BUT DEFEATED IN THE SECOND ROUND BY MISS E. MARSDEN: MISS FRANCES TEACHER.
8. DEFEATED BY MISS DODD IN THE FINAL: MISS CHUBB.
9. EQUALLY PLEASED: MISS DODD, WINNER OF THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, AND MISS CHUBB, THE RUNNER-UP, WALKING BACK AFTER THE FINAL.

The Ladies' Golf Championship, at St. Anne's-on-Sea, resulted in a win for Miss Muriel Dodd, of the Moreton Club, near Hoylake, who beat Miss Chubb, of the Fulwell Club, in the 36-holes final by 8 and 6. In reaching the final, Miss Dodd beat Mrs. Harry Jackson, Miss Kinloch, Miss B. Lockwood, Mrs. Cautley, Miss Tobin, and Miss Pooley; and only twice was she taken to the home green.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Illustrations Bureau.]



"A PERSON WHO ACCOMPANIES A YOUNG WOMAN FOR THE SAKE OF PROPRIETY": "THE CHAPERON."

The Different "Chaperons."

According to Littré, a "chaperon," in addition to being an article for wear, is "a person, elderly or serious, who accompanies a young woman for the sake of propriety," and the word obstinately remains masculine under all circumstances. According to English custom, the word has been turned into the feminine, and represents an elderly or middle-aged lady sitting on a hard seat close to a wall, wondering whether her daughter is dancing with eligible young men, and how soon she can drag her away from the ball. I am told that the ball-room "chaperone" is almost obsolete—and, indeed, I went to a dance in the country not long ago at which every petticoat (at least, I am not sure that ladies wear them any longer) danced every dance, and so the humble scribe had to work like a Cabinet Minister or a nigger. Perhaps the disappearance of the "chaperone" explains the appearance of the ugly and suggestive "rag-time" dances revelled in chiefly by people who cannot waltz. According to the ingenious idea of Messrs. Jocelyn Brandon and Frederic Arthur, the "Chaperon" is a person kept in stock at the Royal Restaurant for the convenience of visitors. You take somebody else's wife to the restaurant, or perhaps somebody else's mother—mothers are dreadfully young nowadays—for a lark, and in order that neither she nor you may be compromised, the management keep in stock on the premises a suitably dressed man who can be presented to anybody as the true owner of the lady who oughtn't to be alone with you. And so honour is safe. I can't tell you the address of the restaurant, because, unfortunately, it does not appear on the programme: perhaps the magistrates would be nasty about the license if it did.

Our Moral Farces. Mr. Christopher Pottinger, M.P., elderly social reformer, took a young person who was not his wife to the Royal Restaurant, and in case Mrs. Pottinger—a charming woman—came there by accident (as she did), the Chaperon trick was used. All this sounds dreadfully immoral, but, of course, is not: English farces are never really immoral, or hardly ever. In scores—perhaps hundreds—that I have seen, where elderly gentlemen have gone out on the spree with the hope of breaking the

bad as could be, but the "Chaperon" was horribly in the way, for he was an amateur chaperon and did not play the game; indeed, he reminded me rather of that fourteenth-guest hero of a very funny farce by Mr. Anstey, the name of which I have forgotten. The "Chaperon" refused to keep in his place, but sat in between poor old Pottinger and pretty little Rosie, monopolised the conversation, and ordered a dinner for the trio on such a scale that the Social Reformer had to produce three "curl-papers" in order to pay for it. Perhaps, after all, you had better not know the address of the Royal Restaurant—it seems a bit dear. What more natural than that Rosie and the "Chaperon," Mr. Hilary Chester, had to be introduced to Mrs. Pottinger as Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Jones—a name which naturally leads to a joke about Napoleon Smith—and were invited by her to visit her in the country? And, of course, Rosie had a sweetheart of her own, and Chester was engaged to a girl who was staying with the Pottingers—a visit of which he was in ignorance: after all, the English are not great letter-writers.

The Bedroom Furniture Trust.

My humble pen refuses to tell you about the events at the Pottingers', not because there was anything immoral, but on account of the fact that a plain statement on paper would do injustice to the merry play, its authors, and the humours about the bedroom. Considering what a vastly moral country we are—or rather, Empire, for I believe they can beat us at morality in some Colonies and Dependencies—it seems surprising that bed-chamber humours should play so great a part in our national drama. I have

sometimes wondered whether Tottenham Court Road has not some secret trust which nominates a director for each of the theatrical syndicates, with the view of pushing the employment of bedroom furniture in drama. But I am glad to say, if this be the case, that Tottenham Court Road is strictly virtuous and never allows the plays to go further than threats of dreadful things in the way of bed-chamber humours. And here again we are vastly superior to our friends across the Channel. So nothing wrong really happens in "The Chaperon," though there are roars of laughter over the thought of what might take place if this were

not a strictly moral country, and if we were not blessed with a pair of Censors. There is a strong cast: Miss Ethel Dane—of the "Glad Eye"—delighted the house as Rosie; Miss Ada King played the part of a grim old spinster in a quiet, effective manner, rare in farce; Miss Helen Haye was quite admirable as Mrs. Pottinger;

Mr. Cyril Keightley presented the "Chaperon" with plenty of spirit. The ingenious Mr. Dagnall is funny, but rather overacts Pottinger. It is not a very good thing when the producer takes the principal part, for the maxim applies—*quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



NOT ALWAYS IN AGREEMENT WITH ONE ANOTHER: MISS ADA KING AS HARRIET MAXWELL AND MR. M. R. MORAND AS ADMIRAL PETER MAXWELL, IN "THE CHAPERON."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A GENERAL IMPRESSION OF "THE CHAPERON," AT THE STRAND: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN FRONT) MR. E. DAGNALL AS CHRISTOPHER POTTINGER, M.P.; MISS ADA KING AS HARRIET MAXWELL, MISS ETHEL DANE AS ROSAMOND GAYTHORNE, AND MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY AS HILARY CHESTER.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

be vastly less moral than England, these old gentlemen are not so badly served, for, as a rule, they do get what they want, as well as a great deal that they don't, and are punished for the sins which they really have committed. There was no exception in the case of old Pottinger. His designs upon his Rosie were doubtless as

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE CHAPERON," AT THE STRAND.

FOR SALE



THE RESTAURANT CHAPERON FARCE: THE DISTRACTED M.P., HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, HIS ACTRESS FRIEND, AND THE CHAPERON.

"The Chaperon" is still pursuing its successful career at the Strand, where the humours arising from the male chaperon and the actress being taken for man and wife are as irresistible as ever.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BEAMED UPON BY THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER — BECAUSE



1. LADY MURIEL PAGET, DAUGHTER OF THE 12TH EARL OF WINCHILSEA, AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, AT THE AUNT SALLY.
2. MISS CORA COFFIN AND MISS RENÉE MAYER, WHO HAS MADE SUCH A SUCCESS IN TWO DRURY LANE PANTOMIMES.
3. MISS RUBY MILLAR AND MISS SYBIL DE BRAY, OF "OH, I SAY!" SELLING POSTCARDS.

4. MISS EVIE GREENE AND MISS CHRISTINE SILVER.
5. MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AND MISS MCCOY SHOWING HOW THE ARGENTINE TANGO SHOULD BE DANCED.
6. MISS HELEN CUNNINGHAM AS A MERMAID.
7. CHARMING AS EVER, THOUGH NOT ON FOOT: MME. PAVLOVA DRAWN IN A RICKSHA BY MR. A. SCOTT-CRAVEN.

Doubtless in annoyance at the precautions which enabled those responsible to announce "weather absolutely guaranteed," and in a desire to cause the Fund. As a result, and as a consequence of the efforts made by many well-known players, the fund in

OF A GUARANTEE? THE THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY.



8. THE MISSES IRENE SMITH, VERNA CEELY, CONNIE WALTER, GORDON, VIOLET WYATT, AND AMY ELLIOTT AS JOCKEYS.
9. MISS GLADYS COOPER AT THE AUNT SALLY.
10. MISS GLADYS COOPER, MISS MARGERY MAUDE, AND THE MISSES JOAN BUCKMASTER (MISS COOPER'S DAUGHTER), ANGELA DU MAURIER, DAPHNE DU MAURIER, AND PRUDENCE BOURCHIER.

11. MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT (MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER) TAKING PART IN THE GOLF COMPETITION.
12. MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS PLAYING QUILTS.
13. MR. E. M. ROBSON, MISS MAIDIE HOPE, MR. CHARLES ROCK (AS THE BLACK TORTURE), MISS EVELYN D'ALROY, MR. EDWARD COMBERMERE, AND MR. EDMUND GWENN IN "THE BLACK TORTURE; OR, SPOTTEM FROM THE YARD."

waste of the covering prepared, the Clerk of the Weather beamed upon the Theatrical Garden-Party held at Chelsea in aid of the Actors' Orphanage question should benefit to a record extent.—[Photographs by C.N., Record Press, Newspaper Illustrations, L.N.A., and Topical.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

AFTER the wild episodes on the Downs, the King's Derby dinner went off without a hitch. The gathering was in some respects the most interesting event of the day. Only a very few of those invited were, on account of illness or absence abroad, unable to be present. Indeed, save for the non-attendance of the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam, all the more important racing men of the day were gathered at his Majesty's board. At no other

of his Majesty's guests might just as well have spent the day in town for all they had seen of the main events of the race. The points of vantage on the course had been exceptionally crowded, and some of the keenest observers learnt more about the race at the dinner-table than they did at Epsom. On such occasions Lord Marcus Beresford is in his element. He sees most things, and even his vivid impressions of what might have happened when he was



MISS WILMA BOWLES, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. EUSTACE PARKER IS FIXED FOR THE 11TH.



MR. EUSTACE PARKER, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS WILMA BOWLES IS FIXED FOR THE 11TH.



MISS GLADYS MCCLINTOCK, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. HENRY ARTHUR BRUEN IS FIXED FOR THE 13TH.



SIR ALEXANDER NAPIER, Bt., WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS JOAN ASHURST MORRIS IS FIXED FOR THE 14TH.



MISS JOAN ASHURST MORRIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SIR ALEXANDER NAPIER, Bt., IS FIXED FOR THE 14TH.

Miss Bowles is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. Henry Bowles, of Forty Hall, Enfield. Mr. Parker is the fourth son of the Rev. the Hon. Algernon Parker, uncle of the Earl of Macclesfield.—Miss McClintock is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McClintock, of Rathvinden, co. Carlow. Mr. Bruen, of the 15th Hussars, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bruen, of Oak Park, Carlow.—Sir Alexander Napier, who is the 11th Baronet, was born in 1882. He was A.D.C. to the Earl of Dudley, then Governor-General of Australia.—Miss Ashurst Morris is the only daughter of the late Mr. Edward Ashurst Morris and of Mrs. Ashurst Morris, of 44, Cadogan Square.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange, Langfrier, Rita Martin, Swaine, and Lafayette.

table could they conceivably have been brought together. A sudden whim for business or for bed would have surely seized upon a proportion of so mixed a company of veterans if a less powerful and attractive command had been put upon them. Lord Rosebery, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Dunraven all begin to experience moments of disillusion about dinners and the Downs, and even that stripling Lord Howard de Walden has had time to renounce a stable and all its works in favour of other recreations. But these, and more than fifty other gentlemen of the Turf, obeyed the royal command.

Good Marks for Marcus.

Convention demands that his Majesty's Derby Night guests should have spent the day at Epsom. To deserve a place at the classic feast a man must first do his duty on the Downs; the dinner is a gathering of eye-witnesses, who meet to complete the impressions of the day, to talk of form, of jockeys, of weights, of pedigrees, to give a verdict on the occasion and forget it for a twelvemonth. But while there was much to talk about last week at the King's table, many

looking the other way make better talk than other men's direct evidence.

The Londonderry Rule.

Castlereagh Room, which was at that time unfinished, is now a complete replica of the historic apartment in Merrion Square. On June 23 Lady Londonderry will give one of the large parties that are all the more interesting for their rarity. The grand staircase, the gold racing-cups, the Sèvres, the Waterford glass, the abundant gilding and much plush, all contribute to a general lavishness of effect that suggests the old Londonderry rule of four parties a year, rather than the more easy-going and constant entertaining favoured by many modern hostesses. The exterior of Londonderry House shows signs of daily visitations of smoke and soot, but within, the sacrosanct pile of bloomy carpets speaks of careful and infrequent foot-falls.

Londonderry House has been closed, except to the decorators, since the famous dinner to the King and Queen in March. The



THE HON. ANDREW E. MULHOLLAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY JOAN BYNG WAS FIXED FOR THE 10TH.

Mr. Mulholland is the eldest of the four sons of Lord Dunleath. He was born in 1882.

Photograph by Lafayette.



LADY JOAN BYNG, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE HON. A. E. MULHOLLAND WAS FIXED FOR THE 10TH.

Lady Hester Joan Byng is the younger daughter of the Earl of Strafford. She was born in 1888.

Photograph by Lafayette.

SOCIETY IN THE OPEN: IN THE PARK AND AT RANELAGH.



1. CAPTAIN AND LADY JULIET DUFF, IN THE PARK.

2. LORD HENRY NEVILL AND LORD AND LADY HASTINGS, AT RANELAGH.

3. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE, IN THE PARK.

4. LORD AND LADY KNARESBOROUGH, WITH THEIR SECOND DAUGHTER, THE HON. HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON (IN WHITE), AT RANELAGH.

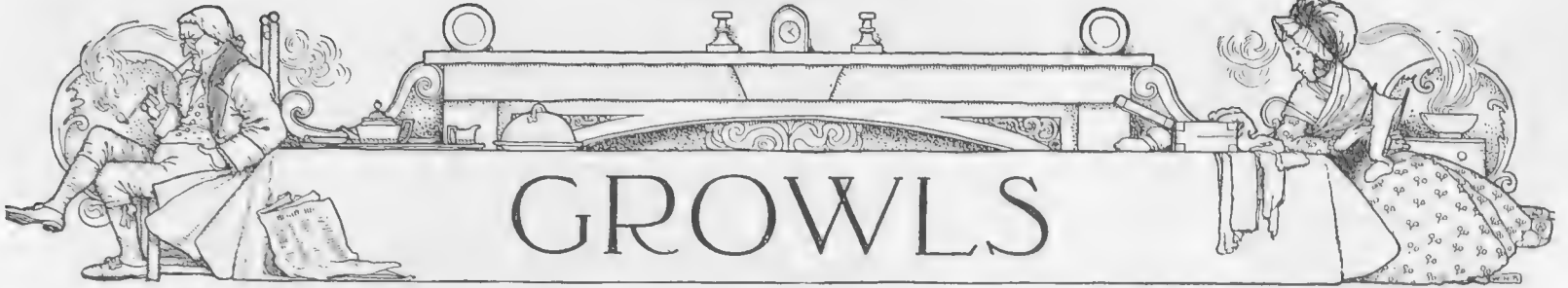
5. THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT (IN WHITE), AT RANELAGH.

6. LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH, AT THE COACHING CLUB MEET.

7. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON, AND FRIENDS, AT RANELAGH.

8. LORD AND LADY LECONFIELD, AT THE COACHING CLUB MEET.

Lord Desborough, so well known in particular for his sporting activities, was formerly familiar as an M.P. In 1887, he married Ethel Anne Priscilla (a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary), daughter of the late Hon. Julian Henry Charles Fane.—The Duke of Westminster was born in 1879; the Earl of Portarlington in 1883.—Lord Leconfield, who was formerly in the 1st Life Guards, served during the South African War. He married Miss Beatrice Violet Rawson in 1911.—Lady Juliet Duff, who was born in 1881, daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, married Robert George V. Duff, only son of Sir Charles Garden Assheton-Smith, Bt., in 1903.—Lord Henry Nevill is a son of the Marquess of Abergavenny. Lady Hastings is Lord Henry's younger daughter.—Lord Stradbroke is an A.D.C. to the King. The Countess was Miss Helena Keith Fraser.—The Marchioness of Headfort was Miss Rose Boote.—Lord Knaresborough—formerly Sir H. Meysey-Thompson—married Ethel Adeline, daughter of Sir H. Pottinger, Et.—(Photographs by Topical, Illustrations Bureau, Newspaper Illustrations, and L.N.A.)



THE UNHANDSOMENESS OF HANSOM-CABBIES—THE MARTYRS TO MOTORS.

I AM positively certain in my own mind that one affliction from which I do not suffer is super-sensitiveness. I am neither blind nor deaf, and, being endowed with the usual complement of senses, I am not impervious to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; neither am I averse from making my protest when I am more than normally assailed by these aggravating missiles. But I do not stoop to the invention of grievances. I have, goodness knows, a sufficiency of complaints to make which are established upon the granite basis of truth without taxing my imagination to the extent of fabrication. This being so, I feel that I have the right to look upon myself as a wronged man, and my reason for so regarding myself is that I cannot hire a taxi-cab without subjecting myself to the taunts and objurgations of any hansom-driver who happens to be passing that way. My heart goes out to the hansom-cabby. The march of Science has been too much for him, and the iron has, not unnaturally, entered into his soul. His stock-in-trade, which not so very long ago was the joy and pride of the Londoner, is now treated with contumely as effete and archaic—almost Noah's Arkic—and as a ludicrous relic of an inglorious past. Where once was a whole Metropolis clamouring to secure his services there is nothing but indifference and contempt, and the temper of Jehu has become soured in the process. But this hardly appeals to me as being a justification for the acrid tone which he has elected to adopt. He has had his day, and while that day lasted I was proud

WINNER OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP OF EUROPE, BY DEFEATING BOMBARDIER WELLS, AT GHENT: GEORGES CARPENTIER, OF FRANCE.

Photograph by Topical.

to be his friend or patron. I accorded him precedence over the growler, and I overpaid him with all the lavishness compatible with my means; and I cannot allow him the right to pour obloquy upon me now that Providence has placed at my disposition a fleetier and more comfortable form of conveyance.

Were Others Thus. If he would only look into the logic of the situation, he could not fail to see that he is rendering himself no useful service by his crude comments on the choice I make, nor by his noisy communication to the bystanders

that the taxi I am entering is of German manufacture—a communication which, I fancy, he would find it hard to substantiate. The mere fact that he publicly passes adverse criticism upon my common-sense and upon my personal appearance can scarcely tend to make me change my mind and decide to entrust myself to his tender mercies. There are few who really appreciate the subtle delights of being insulted upon the King's highway, and the odds are distinctly against my being a member of that select body. Imagine what life would be if it were conducted on these unprepossessing lines. Suppose that when I entered a shop for the legally unimpeachable purpose of purchasing such an old-world comestible as pickled onions, a vendor next door of the more modern and recondite tomato-chutney were to consider himself entitled to brand me in raucous tones as an upholder of unfair competition and an enemy to society. Suppose that when I exhibited an intention to provide myself with a patent self-igniting cigar-lighter, the match-seller on the kerb outside should take upon himself to inform the ambient world that, in his opinion, I was a something-something, and that I was indulging in the reprehensible hobby of sapping the foundations of the Empire's trade. It seems to me that those merchants would have just as much justification for their behaviour as the cabby has for his; but, fortunately for society at large, the elastic term Free Trade has not been made to cover such procedure.

Some Sound Advice.

Of course, I am not the only one who is made the target for these indignities, and



THE FRENCH DEFEAT OF THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, BOMBARDIER WELLS, AT GHENT: THE FIGHT BETWEEN GEORGES CARPENTIER, OF FRANCE, AND BOMBARDIER WELLS, OF ENGLAND, FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP OF EUROPE AND A PURSE OF £3600.

As all the world knows, Carpentier knocked out Wells in the fourth round of the contest, which was designed to last twenty rounds.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

it is in the interests of the community that I draw attention to this undesirable development, in the hope that my words will reach the eye of Cabby and induce him to mend his methods. He must bring himself to realise that it is an extremely inferior article he has to offer, an article which, though facetiously denominated the "patent safety hansom," is fraught with innumerable and deadly possibilities, and one which can only hope to approach the pace of the taxi when the horse is engaged in bolting. Let him firmly grasp the fundamental fact that the man in a hurry is not necessarily a collector of antiques, and that, whatever reverence we may entertain for antiquity, we cannot reasonably be expected to allow that reverence to obtrude itself upon our daily life. If he will only behave himself, will we regard his Quixotic clinging to a superseded calling with a mildly amused surprise, and when he finally takes his departure we will hold him affectionately in our memories. The decrees of Fate are inscrutable, but he must learn to bend to them in respectful silence. He may not actually find that silence golden, but speech such as he now employs will never prove itself to be silver—even to the extent of an exact legal fare.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



AFTER CARPENTIER HAD KNOCKED OUT WELLS: COUNTING OUT THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

Photograph by C.N.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE



XVII.—THE WET BLANKET.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDBY

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

FROM TOKIO TO TWICKENHAM: A JAPANESE POET IN PHRYNETTE'S GARDEN.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

A MAN on the other side of the wall is sharpening his scythe. He is cutting the grass in Marble Hill Park. It is a sound sharp and sweet and sadly familiar—a sound associated with my childhood. I grew among the grass, and that man that I can see through the stone wall stands for fields filled with summer, and for the years of grace I spent therein when I was little, and when Life meant simply opening your eyes in the morning to the morning! My Japanese friend looks up, listens, and smiles, then, without a word, he resumes his task of engraving my initials on my tennis-racquet. I suppose the man with the scythe has reminded him of Japan—*sweet-sharp, sweet-sharp, sweet-sharp* . . . he sees fields filled with heavily waving rice, and in it a lithe figure slicing air and gramineæ, rhythmically, with nervous yellow arms—*sweet-sharp, sweet-sharp, sweet-sharp* . . . my Japanese friend and I look at one another and smile happily. East and West have met. I do not know why he likes so much my garden, but I think it is because he looks less out of place in it than anywhere else in London. Behind him the studio (an old hunting-lodge, three parts hidden under trees) has taken unto itself the mystic air of a shrine, such as one sees flanked by maple-trees in Japanese landscapes. A peacock struts on the lawn, more beautiful than a flower. There are lilies and hortensias and a laburnum-tree, and my friend squats among them and looks in his proper frame. I tell him so, and he shakes his round head—"We have no laburnum-tree in Japan." He must know best, yet the laburnum has all the languishing grace, the precious tenuity of those embroidered trees spread on the sheen of satin screens. If a laburnum is not a Japanese tree, it should be! And my friend smiles again and says "Of course it should!" most politely.

The racquet is now ornamented with three beautifully carved letters. "Most excellently done!" say I—and I say this in the same tone, in the same gentle, protective voice, as when my little boy has done his page without a single blot of ink. Yet my Japanese friend is certainly older than I am. Why did I say it like that? Is it that he is small, modest, and eager to please? Is it not rather because his manners are child-like? He has a way of balancing himself from side to side, of covering his large white smile with his tiny brown hand, of crossing his hands behind his back while speaking—just like a child at school. I ask, "Will you tell

readers? Here is his Japanese poem, translated into English by himself—

Though the storm may rage, | I shall never be
And the wind may blow, | Double-minded to Thee.

Meaning: "My love for thee is for ever and for ever."

Is it not sweet, short, and simple? "I shall never be double-minded to Thee."

Here is another poem, this time dealing with philosophy—

As water is at variance
with fire,
As Light with Darkness
fights,
So Nation wars with
Nation,
And man with man.
Where is peace?

As I sit silently my friend thinks I need being amused, and from his deep hanging sleeve he draws forth a little parcel. It is a square of white *crêpe* with coloured spots in one corner, and in the other the owner's name. This square piece of stuff is to Japanese men what a hand-bag is to us. In it they wrap up whatever they wish to carry. In his, my friend had brought two prints as a present for me.

They are indeed "joys for ever." One represents a family scene—another holding a pipe and forgetting to smoke in the contemplation of her little boy, who is trying to frighten her by putting an ugly mask over his face. A third person in the picture, and whom I took for a girl; is, it seems, another boy in a dainty kimono, and with hair piled up high, as was the fashion in Japan three hundred years ago. The other picture, as old, and by the same artist, represents a lady under the rain—an elegant lady under rain that is a respecter of persons, for her feet, skirts, hair are perfections of spruceness. Her embroidered *obi* has seductive undulations, her black, purple, and deep garnet robes have petal-like curves—she herself looks like some dark flower. No placid mother of romping boys is she, I feel sure! She is too fashionable, too fascinating, too fan-like. But in Japan, ladies of her ancient profession are, I am told, quite highly respected citizenesses.

When I have ended my thanks and chosen the pictures' place on the wall, we both go for a walk, my friend and I. As we pass in front of an old-fashioned corner-house in Montpelier Road, Twickenham, I say to him: "Here for several years lived Tennyson." The sleeves of my Japanese friend flap in the air rapturously. "Ah, Tennyson! I love your English poets! Here he must have written 'Paradise Lost.'" I remembered how tactful my friend had been in conceding me the laburnum-tree, and I did not smile as I answered, "I think not, but he should have!"



HAPPY IS THE BRIDE—MR. FRANCIS W. GORE-LANGTON AND MRS. GORE-LANGTON (FORMERLY MISS DORIS ARCHDALE) LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WEST-MINSTER, AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

Photograph by G.P.U.



THE WEDDING OF MISS DORIS ARCHDALE, SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY; THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE.

The wedding of Miss Doris Archdale (third daughter of Colonel Mervyn Archdale, formerly of the 12th Lancers, and sister of the Countess of Ronaldshay) and Mr. Francis Wilfred Gore-Langton, of the Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gore-Langton, of Padbury Lodge, Bucks, took place the other day at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The reception was held by the Countess of Ronaldshay. The honeymoon is being spent in Scotland.

Photograph by C.N.

me one of your pretty poems?" And politely he gets up and answers in his flattering, Asiatic way, "You are the Queen of the West; I will do what you ask." Will it interest you, amiable

HIS MISTAKE.

FOR SALE.



58836. Grace.

THE FARMER: I hear there's a fine fat pig for sale here. Can I see it?

THE BOY: Fey—ther! Someone wants ter see yer.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



THINGS TOLD: THE MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE.*

A Spanish Meal of the Past.

Lady Macdonell makes no claim to reveal mysteries of Society "high life"; she is not concerned with scandals discussed and elaborated below stairs and in best parlours; even she deprecates these memories she has set down, saying that she would never have published them abroad had not friends importuned and had she not thought that they might amuse her children and her grandchildren. All of which is to say that those who read personal records only that they may titillate abnormal appetite for "revelations" will not be sated by the book, and that those who are pleased with unmalicious talk interestingly "gossiped" will be vastly entertained. And so to the Reminiscences. They cover a somewhat wide field and they begin with notes about her father, Edward Lumb, who was born in 1804 and, in his teens, went to live with a distinguished Spanish household at Buenos Ayres to learn the language. "His first meal was supper. The whole family—father, mother, sons, and daughters—sat on the floor; a servant brought in a large silver tureen, and on a tray some fine mother-of-pearl shells. The lady begged the stranger to be seated, and then proceeded to dip into the tureen with a shell and pass it to the guest. A table-napkin and a piece of bread were passed next. The soup was sipped, and then the chicken or meat was taken with the fingers and eaten. This course finished, sweets appeared, and with them a kind of stale sponge-like cake was served in lieu of bread."

Superstition; and a Darwin Story.

Lady Macdonell herself was born at Buenos Ayres in 1850, youngest but one of sixteen children, and she has many vivid memories of the Argentine. "The 'Sanchos' were most picturesque," she writes,

"being born horsemen and full of superstition. They would suddenly stop, throw themselves from their horses, and cross themselves, for various causes, but especially when a peculiarly cold wind began to blow, which was, they used to say, a soul or a ghost passing." Again: "Every Saturday, from nine to ten in the morning, we children used to stand inside the open front door, with a plate containing about one pound's worth of pennies; one of these we had to give to every beggar that came up, and receive the thanks and blessing of the poor recipients." And, again: "My father entertained the great naturalist, Darwin, when he came to Buenos Ayres in 1837 in H.M.S. *Beagle*. . . . A story is told of how, on his return from one of his expeditions, he brought a little species of mole that belonged to that part of South America and was almost extinct. It is called the touca-touca, from the noise it makes. Darwin rolled it up in one of his fine cambric handkerchiefs, wanting very much to boil it down to preserve its skeleton, and for this

complained that in the Señor Professor's room there was such a bad smell that she could not go into it. My mother went, and soon finding the cause of the trouble, promptly threw the handkerchief and touca-touca into the fire." Darwin only forgave her because, as he said, "Mrs. Lumb . . . is nearly as beautiful as the touca-touca."

Strange Adventures in Algiers.

Of her husband's father and mother she has notes of value. "Hugh's father afterwards became British Resident and Consul at Algiers. When the Dey insulted all the foreign representatives and took them prisoners, Macdonell was placed in a cage next to a lion. Every day fresh tortures were practised on these unfortunate captives. Macdonell's beard was torn out, he saw his friend and colleague, the Danish representative, tortured before his eyes, and even witnessed an added horror when the barbarians placed the cloak of a man who had died of the plague in the cage where his unfortunate colleague lay more dead than alive. The Dane succumbed. . . . Meantime, Hugh's mother . . . escaped dressed as a British midshipman, followed by a bluejacket carrying her first baby, Emily, afterwards Marquise de las Marismas. The baby had been given laudanum and put in a big basket covered with cabbage-leaves. As they came through the gate, the baby cried, and then the game was up. Hugh's mother, seeing what had happened, stripped her jacket off and jumped into the water, and swam until she was picked up by the man-o'-war's boat which was quite close by. The baby, being a girl, was sent on board a few hours after. These incidents caused the bombardment of Algiers in 1816." Then, too: "Hugh had the honour of being on guard during the lying-in-state of the Iron Duke at Walmer Castle . . . the senior officer cut off a small quantity of the Duke of Wellington's hair and gave it as a memento to the officers on duty."



WRITER OF "REMINISCENCES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE": LADY MACDONELL.

Reproduced from "Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black.

Trousseau-Boxes as Coffins.

In the plague time in Buenos Ayres—soon after her marriage, in 1870—Lady Macdonell had terrible experiences. "Nothing can give an idea of the horrors of that time. Not only was there no room for the sick, but even death was shorn of its customary trappings, and rich and poor alike found a resting-place in the 'fosse commune.' Owing to the shortage of material and workmen, any sort of box or crate was requisitioned as a coffin, and the tin-lined cases in which my trousseau had been sent from Europe were eagerly taken by the authorities for this gruesome purpose."

A Waxen Royal Baby.

Royalty figure in the Reminiscences, as a matter of course. There is a heart-touching story of the Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick. It was in the Neuc Palais. "The Princess passed into a small apartment and then unlocked a door of an inner room, where I saw a cradle, and in it a baby boy, beautiful to look upon, but it was only the waxen image of the former occupant, the little Prince Wenceslau, who had died when the Crown Prince went to the war of 1866. How pathetic it was to note the silver rattle and ball lying as though flung aside by the little hand, the toys which amused his baby mind arranged all about the cradle, his little shoes waiting, always waiting, at the side."—So to many things equally interesting—and all to be read and enjoyed.



AS HE WAS IN 1876, WHEN HE WAS SECRETARY OF THE PORTUGUESE LEGATION AT BERLIN: THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL AS A TROUBADOUR AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL. Reproduced from "Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black.

purpose put it carefully in his chest-of-drawers. He went away for a three-weeks excursion. . . . During his absence the housemaid

* "Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life: Being Stray Memories of Personalities and Incidents Connected with Several European Courts; and also with Life in South America Fifty Years Ago," By Lady Macdonell. (Adam and Charles Black; 7s. 6d. net.)

Those Who Beat Us!

FOR SALE



II.—A TRULY AWFUL MAN. WANTED TO BET; AND HIS LANGUAGE—WELL! HE QUITE SPOILT MY AFTERNOON. DO YOU KNOW, HAD BEER FOR TEA.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

CARFIELD — DREAMER.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

BENYON—Benyon of Wimpole Street—paused on his way through the hall to take a long envelope from the table. It had just been delivered by hand, his man told him. A florid scroll on the flap announced that it was from the Gargantuan Music Hall.

"Carfield," said Benyon, wrinkling his forehead. He knew no one else even remotely connected with the profession.

He retreated to his study and tore the envelope open. Inside was a bulky wad of manuscript in Carfield's jerky writing. It was dated that morning, and the address of the "Gargantuan" had been struck out, and "Euterpe Street" written over it. It was in dingy, poverty-stricken Euterpe Street that Carfield elected to lodge—Carfield, who was "supposed to be making his five or six thousand a year.

"Queer beggar—Carfield!" said Benyon to himself. He glanced at the clock. It was not late. He had a clear hour, if not to waste, at least available to be diverted from other work. He pulled his chair to the fire, switched on the electric lamp at his elbow, and unfolded the paper.

"Dear Benyon," he read, "if the foolish, flimsy sort of record I've written here should take up too much of your time—why, burn the paper and forget it. But I've had an impulse to put it in black-and-white, and, remembering our years at Trinity together—queer how our paths have diverged since then, isn't it?—the idea came to me that you might be able to flog up some sort of interest in the manuscript. A psychologist is supposed to be interested in dream phenomena, I believe, especially when they're recurrent and vividly, damnably real. I'll go right back to the beginning, anyway.

"You must have heard the pestilential tune which every piano-organ is grinding out and every street-boy whistling just now. The song is called 'Pests.' It was written for me some three months ago, and I've been singing it at the Gargantuan and elsewhere pretty well ever since. There's a theory that we're past the lowest stages of humour—in London, at all events; but no composer who's worth his salt seems to be able to write without dragging in mothers-in-law, and tripe, and furniture on the hire system—it's still part of the tradition. I mention the song because it seemed to coincide with the dreams. It's odd that the silly banality of the thing—I used to sing it with a fake bomb in each hand—should have any connection with them, but it was so. The dreams are associated with Dunckmann, too. Do you know him at all? He belongs to the older type of music-hall 'star,' and he's never forgiven me for swimming into a place in the firmament—maybe, more or less eclipsing him. There's room for us both, but Dunckmann isn't that sort. He's no nerves of his own, but he set himself consistently to get on mine. He's been a constant challenge—a menace, a worry that there was no ignoring. Dunckmann managed to keep me awake for a good many nights before the dreams began. And insomnia's the very devil—you must know that.

"I'd endured two or three weeks of the man at his worst before the first of the dreams came. I'd dropped into the habit of walking back to my rooms after the performance. They're on the second floor, at the back, and I've my own key. The woman who cleans up and so forth leaves a meal ready and goes at eight each evening. Until she returns in the morning I see precious little of my fellow-creatures. Lonely? But when you're under contract to play the fool before a couple of thousand people every night, solitude becomes a thing worth cultivating.

"My bedroom is a small one, with a wide, low window that looks down upon a sort of gully which separates the house from the building opposite. The wall-paper and curtains are pale—I fancy that's the reason why the place never seems really dark. From the window one looks straight across on to the flat, leaded roof of Throbson's furniture repository. Beyond that, again, are the mews of a bankrupt omnibus company. They've been 'to let' ever since I took the rooms, and there's grass growing up between the cobbles in the yard. An active man might take a clean jump from the window-sill to Throbson's roof, and from there let himself down by an outside

iron staircase into the mews. . . . I'm telling you these things because I want to make it plain that there's been a certain amount of practicability in the dreams, mad though they were. Euterpe Street itself is a noisy hole. The sounds that went on there at night used to blend with the sounds one carried away from the theatre. I gave it up for a time, and took a cottage near Dunmow, not realising that the memory of sounds can be worse than the sounds themselves. Lord!—the nights I used to lie awake, straining my ears to catch the echo of the hoots and whistles and jangles of the city, and working myself into a fever because I always seemed on the verge of hearing them!

"I went back to Euterpe Street again, of course. For a time I slept better. Then the insomnia returned, and I used to lie staring up at the ceiling, planning the wildest things—especially after an encounter with Dunckmann. It was part of his scheme never to let me forget him. Otherwise, as things go, I hadn't much to complain of—my audiences have always been a tonic in themselves. But Dunckmann was a brute utterly without pity. His one idea was to harass me until I gave up the game altogether. For four or five evenings he took the whole of the front row of stalls and filled them with his friends—Polish Jews from Whitechapel, and any sort of scum that could be made to sneer and criticise just loudly enough for me to hear. On the fourth night I went home with my nerves raw and quivering—went home to dream the first of the dreams.

"Oddly enough, Dunckmann didn't enter into them at the beginning. The other—the smaller exasperations of life—were what I dealt with at first. I remember lying in bed and speculating on the extraordinary brightness of the moonlight on the ceiling. And then, still staring, I seemed to drift from the bed, and to slip into the preposterous check suit that I wear on the stage, and cross the room.

"'Pests,' I said to myself. 'Pests that must be wiped out of existence!' I could feel in my pocket one of the silly tin bombs that I fooled with during the song.

"I swung open the window, calculated the distance, and leapt, as easily and lightly as one does in dreams, on to the roof of the furniture-stores. From there I found it an easy descent into the yard of the mews. The door there opened from the inside; I slid back the catch, perceived the street, wind-swept and deserted, before me, and went out.

"Round the angle of the wall a couple of dogs came dashing—yelping brutes that shattered the silence with their noise—and leapt upon me. I knew that it meant the ending of my dream, and I didn't want to waken—to be flung back again to the torments of insomnia. I fingered the bomb in my pocket—it was about as large as a golf-ball.

"'Here,' I said, 'clear off!' The teeth of one of them caught in my sleeve. I drew a deep breath, and pitched the bomb at him. It burst somewhere between the two dogs with a noiseless, blinding flash. They were gone—dissipated. The shock awoke me. I opened my eyes. There was the patch of moonlight still on the ceiling above. And the next day I met the foreman of the furniture-stores. The dogs were with him—they belonged to him.

"That, as I've said, was the first time the dream came. It was an absurd, trivial beginning. But it showed me an avenue down which I might escape from the things which worry and goad a man whose nerves are on edge, and that gave it a value and importance that nothing else had. There was hardly a night when I didn't slip on my fantastic suit and leap across the gully and down through the yard of the mews into the road. Always I found one of the noiseless bombs in my pocket, and I scarcely ever met a human being. When I did, they didn't appear to notice me. Lord! but the clearances I made—the pests and nuisances of every type that I blasted into invisibility! Do you know a little cycle-shop just off Tarvis Lane? Umphreys, I think the man's name is. He makes the shoddiest machines, and sells 'em on the instalment system, and blackmails the poor devils afterwards. I passed his shop this morning. I smiled to think that less than a week before I'd blown the whole place sky-high, and left him, half-dressed and dancing with rage,

[Continued overleaf.]

ALL CHANGE HERE!

FOR SALE.



THE HOST (*showing family portraits, proudly*): Portrait of my great-uncle—lost an arm at Waterloo.
THE YOUTH (*hopelessly bored*): Putrid place, Waterloo; lost my golf-clubs there last week.

DRAWN BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

amid the ruins. And there was a statue at Camden Town that I devastated, as well as a picture-postcard stall, and the west wing of the Tankerville Home for Lost Dogs—you remember the vivisection revelations that filled the papers a month ago, and the superintendent's excuses? Each night I dealt out justice with my bombs, and each night found a fresh one ready to my hand. I never bothered to ask myself how they came there—one doesn't, in dreams. But I used to stand by the window when I was dressing in the morning and speculate as to whether a man could really make the jump across the gully.

"Then Dunckmann began to worry me again. I tried to forget, to ignore him, but the brute gave me no chance. He spoilt my work, he blurred and broke up my dreams. I realised that I should have to make him part of them, so to speak. He'd lately bought a house for himself down at Chessington, in Surrey, but I didn't discover it until after I'd spent five nights prowling round by the empty theatre and his old lodgings. I began to be troubled by the conviction that unless I followed Dunckmann to Chessington and dealt with him there, I shouldn't be able to leap on to the flat roof. Twice I made furtive attempts, and failed, and woke drenched with sweat, and shuddering. The dreams began to tangle themselves with my waking thoughts. Up to then, the two had been sharply separated. I knew when I went to bed what was likely to happen, but—it's difficult to make a man appreciate the difference. If Dunckmann hadn't gone out of his way to crab and ruin my work! But my reputation seemed to madden him. There's absolutely no limit to the petty spitefulness of a jealous fellow-professional—absolutely none. He'd go as far as to caricature my work on the stage, and reckon the ruin of his own reputation cheap at the price of a couple of laughs. One can't bring a legal action against a man for that sort of thing. My only consolation was the fact that I could deal with him—in my dreams. I knew all about the bombs, you see, and he didn't.

"The culminating point was reached on the fifteenth—last week. We were both billed for the Royal Matinée, at the Duke of Lancaster's. Perhaps you didn't see the bills—'JOHN CARFIELD, The Inimitable Comedian,' and, a little lower—'DUNCKMANN.' Just 'Dunckmann.' But the point I'd like you to notice is that there was a perceptible difference in the sizes of the type—that his was at least half-an-inch wider and higher than mine. It may seem a trivial thing, but it counts for a good deal with the people who judge by music-hall standards of popularity. . . . He'd some underhand influence with the management, of course, or they'd never have done it. It shook up my nerves—badly. It drove me clean over the border-line of exasperation. Maybe that was why my performance didn't go with quite its usual swing, and his—outwardly—was more applauded. I didn't analyse beyond a certain point, but I felt that the final touch had been given. Dunckmann, I was told, had an idea that we might work together, and wanted to walk part of the way home with me to talk the matter over. I didn't give him the chance. I wasn't sure enough of myself. I accepted an invitation to dinner with the Cassways at Tarraquanti's, and afterwards, I think, I must have gone for a long walk. I got back to my rooms early, slipped into bed, and fell into a doze almost at once.

"Presently, as I expected, I found myself moving towards the window. The moon, as you may remember, was very pale and brilliant that night. It seemed an immense size, too, but that may have been because of the clearness of the sky. I paused at the window for a moment, and then leapt across on to the roof. By this time I knew my way so well that to reach the door of the mews was simplicity itself. The street was deserted, as it always has been in my dreams, but not so silent. There was an intermittent clatter of traffic, I remember, which bothered me. I set off at a loping trot for Waterloo, and it was odd, even in my dream, to find the number of people I had to elude and evade. I argued that if it were known that I'd got rid of Dunckmann, it might prejudice my career even more than if I allowed him to live. For that reason I took all manner of elaborate precautions. At the terminus I found a train—the last that night—leaving for Surbiton as I reached the platform. I slipped, unnoticed, into a third-class compartment, and hid under the seat when we stopped. I can taste the grit and stuffiness of the place now! It's to this part of my dream that I want to draw your attention—the sense of reality that pervaded it. At Surbiton I'd the same luck in getting away without attracting attention.

"I found Dunckmann's new house—a small, floridly built place in its own grounds. Dunckmann had laid stress on that—as though one would expect to find it in someone else's! It was in complete darkness, except for the bar of light shining through a gap in the blind of a room on the ground floor—the study, I judged it to be. There were French windows, opening on to a verandah, and they weren't fastened. I saw Dunckmann himself through the chink. He was sitting writing at a big roll-top desk. Every now and again he'd stop to blow out his fat cheeks and chuckle.

"This'll settle him!" he said, and I knew well enough that he was planning some further infernal cross-talk, and that the 'him' was myself. I waited a little, and then pushed open the window and stepped quietly into the room. He didn't even see me until I

was standing at his shoulder. He looked up, started, and dropped the pen.

"You?"

"I!" I said, and slipped my hand into my pocket, there and then, for the bomb. But—it wasn't there! My brain hummed and buzzed, but presently I understood. Each time before in my dream I'd been wearing the clothes I wore on the stage. To-night I'd slipped into the dress-suit that I'd worn at the Cassways' dinner-party at Tarraquanti's.

"And—and the reason of this visit?" said Dunckmann. I could hear the words distinctly, and the little 'chink' that his sleeve-link made against the arm of his chair as he leaned back and stared up at me.

"Madness—the sense of futility which belongs to dreams, and dreams only—swept over me. I bent towards him. By his eyes I saw that he knew I meant to kill him. He made a dash for the upper drawer of the desk, and had managed to get it half open before I dragged him away. There was a pistol inside—an old-fashioned, pin-fire weapon. I could see that two of the chambers were loaded—it's odd how one notices such details in a dream. I knew that if he could have reached it he would have shot me without a scruple.

"He swayed backwards, and the chair fell. He scuffled to his feet, but by then I had him firmly by the throat. I was desperately afraid that he might arouse the household. For a time we swayed and panted, and then his heel slipped on the polished floor and he went down, I with him, uppermost. For a minute he lay quiet and half-stunned. But I was not taking any chances—with a man of Dunckmann's type one can't be too cautious. . . . It was a long time before I loosened my grip and stood up.

"Unrehearsed, wasn't it!" I said. His face had gone purplish in patches, and his lips were parted in an ugly grin. 'But whether you're merely knocked silly,' I said, brushing my knees, 'or are pretty nearly killed, the stage will be the better for the absence of a pretty scoundrel for a week or so!' And with that I closed the window silently behind me and made my way down the gravelled path to the road, lying all white and deserted under the moonlight.

"That, Benyon, happened last night—the penultimate dream, and the most vivid of them all. I've only one excuse for venturing forth again. One likes to bring an affair to a proper conclusion. I want to know what happened to Dunckmann. So I'll hope to-night for a final flight, and—"

"Well, if you've had the patience to read so far, and would care for further particulars, perhaps you'll look me up."

Benyon put down the manuscript. He took it up again and scrutinised the writing. Then he touched a bell. The servant came.

"Fetch me a taxi at once," said Benyon—"at once, you understand."

The man vanished. He was gone less than five minutes, but Benyon was already waiting impatiently.

"Taxi's outside, Sir."

Benyon sped through the hall to the vehicle.

"Seventy-nine, Euterpe Street—at your best speed!" he said, and climbed in. The car shot forward.

A string of motor-lorries at the end of the road brought it to a temporary halt again. A newsboy, trailing a tattered contents-bill, sprang on the step.

"Extra late edition, Sir?"

"Eh?" said Benyon. He glanced mechanically at the placard—

WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN MURDERED AT
CHESSINGTON—NO CLUES.

"My God!" breathed Benyon, and fell back in the seat with a grey face as the car moved onward.

It stopped again at the entrance to Euterpe Street. Benyon, without analysing the reason, sprang out, paid the man, and prepared to finish the journey on foot.

The narrow thoroughfare was packed with people. Benyon, in a voice which he did not recognise as his own, stopped to ask the reason of a police-sergeant.

"Gentleman fallen from a window, Sir—supposed to be walking in his sleep. They say it's Mr. Carfield, the actor."

"Can—can I see him? I am Dr. Benyon, a personal friend of his."

"You'll have to be quick," said the man, and helped Benyon to cleave a path through the crowd to the ambulance, and pushed back the sinister hood.

Benyon found himself looking down into Carfield's face. There was blood at the mouth and at the nostrils, but he still breathed.

"Carfield—"

Carfield's eyes opened, slowly, laboriously.

"I—I'm glad you came. They only give me a minute or two longer. . . . The dream I told you about was to be the last, after all. I was making a final flight when I woke, and . . . fell. I'd a sudden terror that the journey to Chessington—Benyon, was it a dream, after all?"

"Yes," said Benyon.

Carfield drew a shuddering breath.

"I—I was afraid!" he said—and spoke no more.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

WITH THE LADIES AT ST. ANNE'S: THE DEFEAT OF THE BEST WOMAN GOLFER.

The Ladies' Championship.

It goes without saying that the Ladies' Championship Meeting at St. Anne's—the twenty-first of the series, and therefore the "Coming-of-Age Championship," as it has been called—was a success. I must write before the whole thing is done, and I cannot discuss the winner or how the winning was accomplished, but I have seen enough of it to know that it must go smoothly and pleasantly through to its appointed end. The management of the affair by Mrs. T. H. Miller and her male henchmen on the vice-presidential staff of the L.G.U. is always so very thorough, and so little is left to chance, that nothing but the weather can hinder success; and just as, in the game itself, fortune favours those who are very good, so the weather is generally kind to the Union, and it could not have been more so than it was at the beginning of this meeting. And it has been an eventful meeting, too. There are many people who like to see favourites beaten, because they get their emotions so thoroughly stirred; it is exciting, and they have so much to talk about; while the smooth process of the surviving of the fittest and the triumph of merit is comparatively a dull and prosaic business. They must have "sensations," and they get them in the Ladies' Championship, just as they do in the men's, for the game is uncertain always. But a price has to be paid for these sensations, just as it has for other intoxicants; and the morning after, when it is realised that, beaten, the favourites fight no more, they are very much missed. So it was in the case of Miss Cecil Leitch, who fell at the first trial; and to one who has been to so many championships of all kinds in so many years and who is well hardened to the sensation business, it is never nice to see a good golfer beaten, and less than ever when the beating might have been avoided.

A Thing That Happened.

In most of the points of golfing quality Miss Leitch is certainly the best lady player of the time, but she has her faults. At one time she was not very good at playing a winning game—which, after all, is about the hardest to play, the temptation to take things easily when a good lead has been established being very great. She has cured herself of that, but she still has temperamental defects; and now, if she is not careful, she will get into the way of being afraid of losing, which is the most dangerous state of mind into which a good golfer can ever fall. She plays now, perhaps, a little better than ever she did, and her style is as good as it can be, and her power as much as a girl can have, but she must not make such

mistakes as that of making a dead stymie for herself when she is one down and two to play, as she did against Miss Teacher in this championship. Head-work and great caution are needed to win a championship of any kind. I cannot

help thinking that ladies, like so many men, do not make the most of their game, and that they need to give more attention to tactics. They waste too much of their quality, and they give things away. I noticed one thing in this Leitch-Teacher match which I shall comment upon as, perhaps, no one else will. I think it was at the thirteenth hole that Miss Teacher—having made a frightful mess of things generally, and got on to the green with her fifth, whereas Miss Leitch was at the back edge of it, and just a yard or so on the comparatively rough grass with her second—looked hesitatingly for a moment at the situation,

glanced at her opponent, who seemed to be expecting the hole to be given to her without any more ado, and then gave it to her. Miss Leitch's ball was then about fourteen or fifteen yards from the hole; it was off the green, but at a place where she might—or might not—have used her putter, and she had three for it, which did really make the thing a practical certainty for her, and so we may say that Miss Teacher was right to a certain extent.

On Giving Nothing Away.

But then, on the other hand, remember that this was a championship, and that holes just then were far more valuable to Miss Leitch, on whom the greater strain was bearing, than at any other time, and that is when they are not so easily won; remember, also, that a player who feels that a hole is a certainty, and that he or she ought not to be troubled with getting it, is inclined to be careless or fidgety—or both—when called upon to do so, and the opponent has the right to take advantage of this state of things; and of all the shots in the world when one is most liable to take the eye off the ball, the shot when the ball is just off the edge of the green is the one where the liability is greatest. The very best of players fizzle this simple little stroke, and do not move the ball a yard, more than they fizzle any other. Had the first of the three that were left for the winning of the hole been fozzled, it would have been hard enough to get the ball down in the other two, and had I been playing in a championship, with a good winning chance, as Miss Teacher had,

I would have seen the opponent somewhere before I would have given him the hole in such circumstances. However, it did not matter in the end.

HENRY LEACH.



TO BE OPENED ON SATURDAY, JUNE 14: THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE BRAMSHOT GOLF CLUB, FLEET, HANTS.

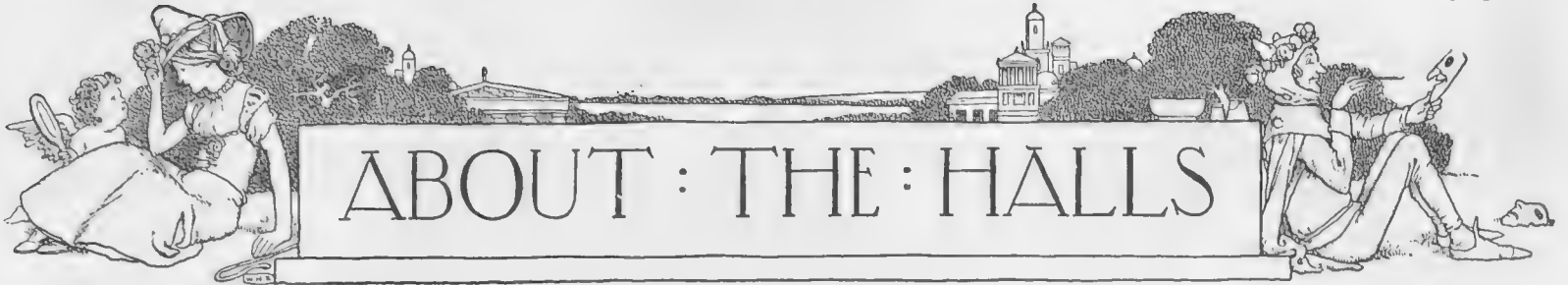
To mark the opening, the Chairman, Mr. Henry Bleasby, is presenting a valuable trophy for a stroke competition, and the Anglo-American Golfing Society is presenting a cup for a bogey competition. The new club-house has spacious smoking-rooms, a lounge, and excellent dining-rooms. On the first floor are bed-rooms and bath-rooms. The course is of eighteen holes, with a total length of 6220 yards.



THE LUCK THAT FAILED: MISS CECIL LEITCH'S WHITE TEDDY BEAR "MASCOT" TIED TO HER CADDY-BAG WITH PINK RIBBON.

Despite this mascot, Miss Cecil Leitch was beaten in the first round of the Ladies' Championship, at St. Anne's-on-Sea, by Miss Frances Teacher, of North Berwick, by two and one.

Photograph by Illustrations-Bureau.



THE LATEST ARRIVAL: A SONGFUL SKETCH: AN ELONGATOR.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT," and consequently Mr. Weedon Grossmith has, somewhat late in the day, made his appearance in a music-hall—and, as might have been expected, at the all-absorbing Coliseum. He brings with him a sketch bearing the name of "How It's Done," the authorship of which is not divulged. In this he appears as a professor of the confidence trick who arrogates to himself the title of Major Cardigan Vivian, and who has strategically made the acquaintance of a young man from the country named Reginald Bantock. As the two are walking down Bedford Row a lady drops a handbag, and the young man from Wisbech not unnaturally picks it up and restores it to her. On this slender basis an acquaintanceship springs up, and we find the three in an enormous room in a small private hotel off the Strand. The lady, who melliflously styles herself Mrs. Clarice Manette De Vere, is in reality the accomplice of the "Major," and the pair have set themselves to relieve the young man from Wisbech of the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, known to be upon him. Madame tells a cock-and-bull-story of a clause in her husband's will under which anyone who does her a service is entitled to an annuity of a thousand a year, provided that he deposits a substantial sum as a guarantee of good faith. The young man, who prides himself on being "fly," for some time resists the blandishments of his pursuers, but finally falls a victim to a trick, and finds himself locked in the room, the

with the result that he receives a free pardon and is allowed to depart ungrilled with his somewhat unreliable consort. The music of this little piece is quite melodious, and Miss Lillie Ansell, who plays Mrs. Higgins, succeeds in singing her share of it just as it ought to be sung. She is capably assisted by Mr. Harold Thorley as the Kaid, and Mr. Theodore Leonard tries manfully to be funny as the Labour Member, though his topical allusions are of no particularly brilliant order. An Eastern dance by those excellent performers, Oy-ra



AT A MEETING OF THE YOUNG HOT BLOODS—FILM VERSION: MR. EDMUND PAYNE AS A SUFFRAGETTE.

and Dorna Leigh, does much to help the sketch along. The two display considerable skill and agility, and the lady allows herself to be hurtled through the air, accepting the violence of the treatment she receives with complete composure.



WINDOW-BREAKING BY SUFFRAGETTES ON THE FILM: AN INCIDENT IN THE CINEMATOGRAPH PICTURE IN WHICH MR. EDMUND PAYNE IS "LEADING LADY."

conspirators having decamped with his banknotes. He smashes windows and otherwise raises an alarm, and an ingenious police-inspector brings in two ancient beggars whom for no earthly reason he has arrested on suspicion. These two point out the direction in which the thieves have fled, and all the others rush out upon the track, leaving the pair—who are really the confidence tricksters, who have completely disguised themselves in an incredibly short space of time—to depart in peace with the swag. In this little piece Mr. Weedon Grossmith cannot be said to have secured a part worthy of him, but the triumph of villainy is now particularly popular in music-hall sketches, and so the piece just passes muster.

At the "Pav." Pursuant to its recent policy, the Pavilion management is presenting a one-act operetta. This is entitled "The Garden of Wives," with the sub-title "A Desert Compôte." We are taken to some sort of desert and are shown a Kaid, "an abandoned wretch with too many wives," one of his spouses being of more than ample proportions. The potentate has been credibly informed that if he strikes the sacred cactus the most beautiful woman in the world will come as an addition to his already comprehensive stock, but that, incidentally, she will be accompanied by the Spirit of Evil. To this remote spot enter Mr. George Higgins, a Labour M.P., with Mrs. Higgins; and with the latter the chief, who doesn't sing half badly, immediately falls in love. He and she sing several songs to each other, and he, in his Kaidish way, decides to burn Mr. Higgins alive. This idea does not appeal to the Labour M.P., who saves himself by pretending that he is responsible for the total eclipse of the sun, which, thanks to Providence and Mr. Rider Haggard, chances to take place at the moment,

A Growing Lad. There seems to be no end to the gifts which go to qualify a person to obtain an engagement on the music-hall stage. Anything that is at all out of the ordinary can nowadays be turned into a "turn," and apparently nobody who is in any way abnormal need remain in want of a living. As one of its early "turns," the Hippodrome has secured the services of a young man from the United States of the name of Willard. He is, I happen to know, an accomplished conjurer, and, I believe, can do other things in the direction of entertainment. But at the Hippodrome he relies on none of these powers—he simply grows before your very eyes. He claims to have given such close study to the muscles that he can lower or heighten himself at his will to the extent of seven inches. He is more than average tall when he first makes his appearance upon the stage, and then he proceeds to make himself taller and taller, while, when he extends his arms, they become longer and longer. I will not go so far as to say that he is able to add a cubit to his stature, but there is no doubt that he is gifted with powers of self-elongation which are denied to the rest of the world. What next?—ROVER.



MR. "TEDDY" PAYNE AS A YOUNG HOT BLOOD SUFFRAGETTE—FOR FILM PURPOSES: THE FORCIBLE FEEDING.

Mr. Edmund Payne, the Gaiety favourite, has turned "leading lady" for the purposes of a comic film, entitled, "The Hunger Strike," and dealing facetiously with "Young Hot Blood" Suffragettes. It is expected that the forcible-feeding scene, especially, will cause a great deal of amusement, and it may be noted that when the wardresses find that the supposed Suffragette prisoner is really a man they treat him to champagne.

Photographs by Sport and General.



THE LOW LAPOMETER: THE SINGLE TYPE: THE MIGHTY FALLEN: TARRING TROUBLES.

**Hour-Glass
Becomes
Speedometer.**

There are few motorists, or even lay visitors, to the Brooklands track who do not, when watching the speed-cars winging their way round the big course, endeavour to make mental estimates of their speed—truly a very difficult thing to do. But even the most expert judge of pace is quite unable to gauge the speed of a car with any approach to accuracy, particularly when the rate at which the

and wheel type steering—and other points all recommendable in themselves.

**To What Base
Uses—!**

Much interesting information has recently appeared in the columns of the Motor Press with regard to the present existence and history of old cars. One of the latest to be traced is an old 35-h.p. Daimler, but now hardly recognisable. Originally it was the property of a Mr. Leonard, of Vancouver, from whom it passed for stage work at Sooke, in the Island. Later, it returned to Vancouver, and did local work for some time, but was eventually purchased by the Western Power Company and shipped to the site of their power-plant. There, poor thing, it was riven of its rims and tyres, and its front axle replaced by a rigid one. Flanged railway rims were bolted to the wheels, and in place of the radiator, which had been irremediably damaged, a vertical pipe-radiator of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch iron pipe, connected beneath by $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch iron pipes, was installed. Two long knife-board seats were substituted for the body; the top was carried by a 1-inch tubular frame and covered with white duck. The wind-shield was just an ordinary window-pane. In this woefully changed condition, the once proud old car was used to run trips of six miles over a railroad with $6\frac{1}{2}$ grades and 20-foot curves in places, carrying thirteen passengers per trip at 25 cents per head. Oh, what a fall!

Tarred Roads.

No motorist, or any association purporting to represent automobilism, would for a single moment attempt to deprecate the tarring of the roads. Only those who use their cars habitually in dry weather in districts where the authorities are too slack to tar, and then come at times on to roads such as those running out of London to Brighton, Folkestone, Portsmouth, and elsewhere can adequately realise what the comfort of a tarred road means. But there are methods and methods of tarring, and no unpleasantness results therefrom when the work is properly done. For instance, the Road Tarring Company, who employ a very ingenious power-hauled machine for the purpose, leave a road in quite a drivable condition immediately upon completion. The raw surface of the tar has road-sweepings and red



TO FOLLOW THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE FIELD: THE NEW AUTOMOBILE MILITARY KITCHEN.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

watched car is progressing runs above seventy miles per hour. Few people have stop-watches, and fewer yet know how to use them; and even then, when the time of a circuit has been taken, the Brooklands speed-tables have to be consulted or an intricate calculation made. Now Dr. A. M. Low, a prolific inventor, has come to the rescue in this connection with a most ingenious and simple little instrument termed a Lapometer. It is nothing more or less than a very clever adaptation of the old hour-glass which used to stand on pulpits in days gone by, and which was surely watched with much eagerness by the youth of a hundred years ago. The Low Lapometer, which contains a certain amount of sand, is inverted as a car passes a given point, and the sand, running down through a narrow neck, fills up the lower part against a scale graduated in miles per hour. The point at which the sand stands when the car re-passes the given point shows the speed in miles per hour at which it has made the circuit of the track.

**A Famous
Fifteen.**

As an instance of what real specialisation in motor-car construction can effect, the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire is a shining example. It is now some six years since Messrs. Sidney Straker and Squire, Ltd., resolved to abandon the then prevalent custom of half-a-dozen powers and types, and to concentrate their wide experience and energy upon the design and construction of one model, and one model alone. They resolved to produce a car of medium power at a fair price, and the result of that resolve is the 15-h.p. Straker, which stands so high in public estimation to-day. There is no denying the fact that the Straker-Squire Fifteen is now justly considered to be one of the best cars of its power and rating upon the British market. That it is a credit to its producers goes without saying. A brief epitome of its specification shows that all the points that recommend themselves to the owner-driver are embodied in the design. The four-cylinder engine is 87 mm. bore and 120 mm. stroke; the crank-shaft runs in five bearings; thermosyphon cooling is adopted; a Bosch waterproof magneto is fitted. There is pump-forced lubrication to the main bearings; leather-faced cone-clutch, with adjustable springs beneath the leather; worm



A USEFUL TESTIMONIAL: CONSERVATIVE MEMBERS OF THE ONTARIO PARLIAMENT PRESENTING A 16-20-H.P. WOLSELEY TOURING-CAR TO THE PREMIER, SIR JAMES WHITNEY.

Sir James Whitney, Leader of the Conservative Party in the Ontario Parliament for twenty years, and Premier for the last eight years, was presented recently by his supporters with an address and the fine car shown.

sand spread upon it, and this appears to prevent all throwing up. In view, however, of serious complaints received in some places, the Automobile Association has appealed to the various local authorities to investigate carefully the methods adopted in their respective districts, with a view to all possible steps being taken to reduce the nuisance to a minimum.

[Continued on a later page.]



WHEN the King and Queen honoured the Russian Ambassador and Countess Benckendorff with their presence at dinner, the rumour of a royal visit to Russia gained ground. June, it was said, would see his Majesty in St. Petersburg. But the dinner meant no more than any other. Nothing in regard to the King's plans was discussed, nor was there ever any possibility of the King undertaking so lengthy and momentous a journey at this time of year. A flying visit to the Russian capital is the last sort of visit the King would pay; and his engagements in England would not permit of one. M. Poincaré's stay in London is an occasion his Majesty had long determined to honour to the full, and Russia would never seek what might be

A Salad Sally. Mr. Carnegie has been prevailed upon to accept a public dinner, although he is a past-master of the art of avoidance. The free libraries had long determined that he should eat a free meal, and would have been hurt had he again refused. In America he was seldom drawn, and then only when something big, like a President, gave point to a dinner-party. During the Pittsburg graft trouble he accepted the hospitality of the troubled citizens, but even then refused to dwell long on the absorbing topic. "Exposures follow so fast one upon another that surprise," he explained, "is ridiculous—like the waiter's. A gentleman, with salad to his dinner, said: 'Look here, waiter, there's a worm in this salad.' 'That surprises me, Sir,'



LADY BOWERS,
Wife of Sir Edward Hardman Bowers (New Knight), Chief Inspector of Stamps and Taxes, Inland Revenue Dept., since 1910.
Photograph by Siedle.



LADY McCLURE,
Wife of Sir John David McClure (New Knight), Headmaster of Mill Hill School since 1891.
Photograph by Care.



LADY MILVAIN,
Wife of Sir Thomas Milvain (New Knight), Judge-Advocate-General since 1905; ex-M.P.
Photograph by Sarony.



LADY SCHUSTER,
Wife of Sir Claud Schuster (New Knight), a Member of the English Insurance Commission.
Photograph by Mesurier and Marshall.



LADY FLITCROFT,
Wife of Sir Thomas Evans Flitcroft (New Knight), chairman of Statutory Medical Committee under the Insurance Act.



LADY BLACK,
Wife of Sir Frederick William Black (New Knight), Director of Navy Contracts, Admiralty.
Photograph by Knights Whitton.



LADY LANE,
Wife of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane (New Baronet), the Surgeon in attendance on the Duchess of Connaught.
Photograph by Lafayette.



LADY WARD,
Wife of Sir Adolphus William Ward (New Knight), Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge; Historian and Critic.



LADY HORNE,
Wife of Sir Andrew John Horne (New Knight), ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland.—*Photograph by Werner.*

construed as a slight to herself in such a pre-occupation.

Lord Carbery. Lord Carbery, who is engaged to be married at the age of twenty-one, has hurried through most of the preliminaries of mature existence. He was speedy in field sports at Harrow, never succumbed to Cambridge "slackness" when he was up at Trinity, has sampled the joys of yachtsmanship, has tested some of the exhilarations of the Navy, and been industrious in the pleasures of the snow-mountains. It was at St. Moritz that he came into collision with a station-master unused to the rush of Harrow methods. The young lady who is restricting all Lord Carbery's interest to Chester Place is José, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Metcalfe.



LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON,
(Miss Gertrude Elliott), wife of Sir J. Forbes-Robertson (New Knight), the famous actor who has just made his stage farewell to London.
Photograph by Caswall Smith.



LADY COLLINS,
Wife of Sir Stephen Collins (New Knight), M.P. for Kennington.

The Colour Question. After several months with big game in East Africa Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Johnson returned to town, and house-hunting. They have just bagged No. 1, Bryanston Square. The honeymoon in Africa yielded many interesting trophies, and the rifle which was the wedding-gift of a hundred friends on the Stock Exchange behaved admirably. But Mrs. Johnson is already full of other things. The trousseau-trousers of khaki are banished; and in July she will give a ball for her daughter, Miss Viola Meeking. For the moment, Mrs. Johnson has forgotten the tiger-skins; her own, delightfully tanned, offers problems for her dressmaker.



LADY SCHÄFER,
Wife of Sir Edward Albert Schäfer (New Knight), Professor of Physiology, Edinburgh University; President of the British Association, 1912.
Photograph by Lafayette.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Disraeli and the Young Person.

In one of his most illuminating moments, Lord Beaconsfield declared that real romance was only possible for the Young Person, seeing that she might meet, at her first dinner-party, a neighbour who might end by offering her a coronet. For this reason alone, it is curious that we do not meet many young girls at dinners in the season. Can it be that the average man—peer or politician—is rather afraid of, and just a little bored by, the *débutante*? Otherwise, a prudent mother would hasten to produce her youngest and naivest at the festive board, however devastating an effect she might have on the conversation. For there is always a certain sporting element about a dinner-party—especially in London—which no other kind of entertainment affords. Every night you have the off-chance of meeting some dazzling celebrity whom you have worshipped from afar for years—or, better still, a perfectly delightful stranger with whom, under the genial influences of a common repast, you may become so well acquainted as to strike up a fast friendship. These conditions do not obtain at concerts and routs. At the first kind of festivity, Disraeli's Young Person would find herself on a gilt chair, surrounded by women for the entire evening; while an evening party in town is a disjointed, feverish, overcrowded affair in which connected conversation is impossible. It is for this reason that the dinner continues to hold its own supremacy as the most satisfying (in every sense) kind of entertainment that civilised man has invented.

Joseph and His Coat.

In view of the present craze for gay—not to say gaudy—colours, it was not to be supposed that the youthful dandy would allow himself to be altogether outshone by his womenfolk, and would be content to go humbly dun-coloured while they peacocked it in all the tints of the rainbow. Thus, we have persistent rumours that Pall Mall and Piccadilly will soon be gay with many-coloured masculine raiment, and that the glories of the Regency will be revived. The prospect indeed, is eminently pleasing. We have all seen the inspiring effect of "pink" coats at a county ball, and although the black-and-white of man's evening-dress is eminently distinguished-looking when well made and properly worn, there is no doubt that the blue coats with brass buttons of our grandmothers' time must have been singularly fascinating; and to meet a young man, suddenly, arrayed in wine-colour or in sea-green will add a zest to social intercourse which we have not enjoyed for many a year. Indeed, there have been many signs and signals of the coming change. In socks, waistcoats, and cravats, the "Nut" has been prodigal of colour; while

the accordion-pleated evening shirt, which has covered so many masculine breasts of late, has paved the way to the frills and laces which should accompany the coming coats.

Variegated Engagements.

Owing to the telephone, to our national "casualness," and to various other reasons tiresome to enumerate, we never know, at this time of year, where we shall be, or in whose company, more than an hour ahead. Balls and similar festivities are postponed with dramatic suddenness, dinner-parties and luncheons are held in places other than those to which you have been invited, or the

proposed entertainment may be entirely altered in character so that instead of dining with forty people you may find yourself motoring with four; in short, the unexpected is the fashion, and no one worries or questions the why or the wherefore of the change. A too lively curiosity as to plans and engagements is essentially dowdy nowadays; we shoot Pleasure as it flies and don't feel too down-hearted even should the nymph escape us. We are quite aware we shall meet her again in an hour or, at most, a day. Yet there is no doubt that foreigners and Americans, when they come visiting, are amazed at our free-and-easy manners, our lack of social ceremony and fuss, our new contempt for etiquette. The ritual of "calling"—that most odious form of social *corvée*—which is rigorously carried out from Paris to Petersburg, and from San Francisco to Peking—is falling into desuetude in London, so that only diplomatic and political persons feel constrained to shower pieces of pasteboard on each other at stated intervals. This airy unconventionality certainly makes for the gaiety of town, and with its sudden changes and kaleidoscopic shift-



IN MUSLINS AND SILKS: BEAUTY AT THE RACES.

Reading from left to right, the figures represent: (Fig. 1) A gown of broderie Anglaise, the corsage and swathed sash of geranium-satin "souple." (Fig. 2) A gown of very soft moiré, with garnishings of coloured embroidery. (Fig. 3) A gown of Swiss muslin and garlands of many-coloured small flowers-encircling the skirt and fichu of the bodice. (Fig. 4) A mantle of broché stamped with large flowers, the frills at the neck and on the sleeves being made of tulle.

ings, London has become one of the most amusing capitals in the world.

The Sad Case of Beauty.

Beauty is in a parlous case to-day, if she is sensitive as to her appearance in the papers. The snapshot seldom flatters, or even does common justice to the features or figure of a handsome person. Thus, women whose loveliness is famous in two continents are forced to see themselves travestied in the morning journals. If they are philosophers, they must regard these pictures much as the statesman envisages caricatures—in short, as the penalty of fame. Nor does the caricaturist spare the womenfolk nowadays. I fancy "Sem" and other Parisian draughtsmen were the first to employ their malicious pencils on the Fair; but the practice has caught on in London, so that Beauty, between the peripatetic Kodak and the satirical artist, enjoys but half her former prestige.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 25.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

WHEN writing these Notes last week we suggested that caution was advisable, as the immediate outlook was very uncertain. That this advice was sound is clearly shown by subsequent events. The tale of last week's markets is indeed a dismal one, and although the tone was distinctly better on Friday, it is not at all certain that we are yet out of the wood. It is said that some of the lame dogs have been given a helping hand, and this we believe to be correct; but the market will heave a sigh of relief if the next settlement is effected without further failures.

The causes of the trouble are not far to seek: Germany has taken further large amounts of gold from London, and thus effectually destroyed any possibility of a reduction in our Bank Rate; money is scarce everywhere and credit facilities are being curtailed by the banks. This was the cause, and, in spite of rumours to the contrary, the only cause, of the selling of Canadian Pacifics, both in Berlin and New York.

The failure of one of the firms of jobbers in the Foreign Railway Market was an unfortunate and disturbing factor. The stock involved has been taken over by a strong syndicate, but will have to be eventually liquidated; and this must militate against any advance in this section for some time to come. Yankees show substantial falls on the week and give no signs of any immediate improvement, especially if the rumours that certain large American houses are in difficulties should prove correct.

Home Rails have, of course, suffered from the same causes as other sections, and will continue to do so until general conditions improve; but the position here appears to us to be sounder than elsewhere, and for those who can take up their purchases, the present level of prices offers great attractions. Maybe prices will have to go lower, but such things as Great Western Ordinary and Great Central Junior issues, to mention only a few, are undoubtedly undervalued. On the other hand, speculation in this, as in all other directions, would be so dangerous as to amount almost to madness.

UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY OF LONDON.

Present market conditions, unfavourable though they be, are hardly sufficient to account for the very considerable fall which has taken place in the various issues of this concern. The greatest drop is naturally shown by the 1s. "A" shares, which now stand at 8s. 6d., against 14s. 9d. in February last. The £10 shares have fallen over a point to 3½; and the 6 per cent. Income Bonds have declined during the same period from 95 to 89.

At first glance it is difficult to find any reason for this, as the combined receipts of the District, London Electric, Central London, and City and South London Railways show an increase of about £22,000, while those of the London General Omnibus have increased by no less than £298,600 to £1,289,200.

It is, of course, upon the profits to be earned by the latter concern that the prosperity of the Company depends, and it is undoubtedly fears lest working expenses of the omnibuses have increased in a larger ratio than the receipts which have caused the decline in the quotations.

At the last meeting the chairman plainly stated that expenses were likely to rise, and, although it is impossible to estimate the extent of the increase, we believe it is a serious matter. The most remunerative routes were, of course, opened up first of all, and the new buses which have recently been placed on the roads have all had to open up suburban districts where the traffic, except at certain times of the day, is not sufficiently heavy. In fact, we are inclined to think the boom in motor-buses has been carried too far, and the profits per bus are certainly never likely again to be as large as during the last two years.

With regard to the outlook for the various securities, we have never been very enthusiastic over the attractions of either the £10 or the "A" shares, and should not care to advise them, even at the reduced level of prices. The Income Bonds, however, are in a much better position, and, as far as we can ascertain, the full 6 per cent. is being earned at the present time, and will continue to be paid without any difficulty.

BRAKMAN.

The annual general meeting of this Company was held in Johannesburg at the end of last month, and the chairman made a most encouraging speech. He dealt fully with the recent troubles with the stopes which caused the decline in the price of the shares over here. At the time of the occurrence we stated that we believed the difficulty was only of a temporary nature, and this view is confirmed by the chairman. The trouble was due to the subsidence of part of the roofing, which, besides blocking up the actual point at which it occurred, also covered the track for some distance and disorganised the whole mine. Operations have now been resumed, and although the returns may possibly be slightly affected for the next month or two, we do not think it will amount to much. The

mine is opening up well, and the grade is fully up to that which the mills have been crushing lately. Referring to the outlook, the chairman stated that the dividend will not be less than 20 per cent., which would be quite satisfactory.

MEXICAN TRAMWAYS AND MEXICAN LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES.

For a long time past we have taken rather a pessimistic view of both Mexican affairs and Mexican securities, and it is therefore with more than ordinary satisfaction that we are able to comment upon the excellent results achieved by these two Companies under the adverse circumstances with which they had to contend in 1912.

The Mexican Tramways Company had a net revenue, after payment of expenses and fixed charges, of 1,830,500 dols., against 1,383,500 dols. in 1911. It is particularly worthy of note that the ratio of operating expenses has been reduced from 48.5 to 47 per cent. Against this improvement, however, has got to be set 52,200 dols., which were expended in the protection of the Company's assets during the time that Mexico City was in a state of revolution. Although it would have been quite possible to debit this sum to revenue and still leave a handsome surplus, the directors decided to take this sum from the reserve fund and carry forward 1,462,900 dols., after payment of the dividend at the unaltered rate of 7 per cent.

The gross figures of the Mexican Light and Power Company also show a considerable expansion—at 8,034,500 dols.—the actual increase being 453,500 dols.; while working expenses were reduced by 341,900 dols. Thus the ratio of working expenses was reduced from 31 per cent. to 24.6 per cent.

In the case of this Company the protection of the properties in Mexico City was an even more expensive affair, and 337,000 dols. was withdrawn from the reserve fund for this purpose. In neither case are any details given of the expenditure under this head. They would probably have made interesting reading if it had been possible to give them. The dividend is maintained at 4 per cent., 209,000 dols. go to the reserve fund, against 50,000 dols. a year ago, and 1,184,400 dols. are carried forward. The directors are to be congratulated on having come through a very difficult time with great credit.

MISCELLANEA.

The dividend announcement of the Hudson's Bay Company was very satisfactory, the distribution amounting to 50 per cent. in all, against 40 per cent. a year ago. It is stated that this amount is made up of 20 per cent. from trade and 30 per cent. from land. In common with nearly every security quoted on the Stock Exchange, these shares have declined since last we referred to them, but we repeat our opinion that they are a good purchase.

The position of the Copper Market is an interesting one at present, and according to a leading metal broker with whom we were talking last week, there seems every possibility that visible supplies will fall to a low record figure in the near future. On the other hand, the American shortage of funds has sent the price back sharply. Nevertheless, producers are making enormous profits, according to the 1912 figures of production and costs. The largest American concern—namely, Anaconda—last year turned out 294½ million pounds of electrolytic copper at a cost of 10 cents. a lb., which is equivalent to £46 13s. 4d. a ton, against to-day's selling price of £69 10s. In the case of the next largest producer, Phelps-Dodge, the cost was even less, coming out at 8.50 cents.; and the average of all the American producers is barely 10 cents. a lb. It seems contrary to all known precedents that this wide margin should continue to exist indefinitely.

May we make one or two suggestions to correspondents who write for advice as to stocks and shares? Short letters are appreciated, but they should give all particulars of the class of share, whether Preference or Ordinary, etc., and also, where possible, some indication as to the writer's position: a share which is quite a satisfactory speculative investment for a rich man may be highly undesirable for anyone less well off. We have had two examples of thoroughly bad letters this week: in one case we have to wade through about five pages of entirely extraneous matter to find out what we are expected to answer; in the other, we are simply asked our opinion on two shares—which are not even fully designated. We do not know whether the writer holds them or proposes to hold them, and whether for investment proper or investment in the "Cabinet" sense of the word.

A good deal has lately been made of the fact that the railway to Lake Magadi is now completed, and will shortly be ready for use. The Company has a very powerful group behind it, and if the estimates made in the prospectus are fulfilled, the future should be prosperous. Just now, however, we look upon the shares as a pure gamble, and intending purchasers should consider the fact that they are at present only partly paid, and that the balance will probably be required before very long—certainly long before the dividend-paying stage is attained.

We cannot help feeling a certain amount of satisfaction at seeing that there is to be some opposition to the proposals of the Edison

[Continued on page 320]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Rush.

It was, last week, for the first time possible to realise the good old-fashioned rush of the London season. Every half-hour had its engagement, and blocks in the traffic were the crumpled rose-leaves of those who desired to keep time and to enjoy life. The Countess of Derby set the ball rolling for really great entertaining, giving two royal balls, one on Derby Night, and the other on Oaks Night. Two very important subscription dances also took place—the big Fête at Versailles at the Albert Hall, and the Royal Caledonian Ball at the Cecil. These were all first-rate happenings; then there were the King's birthday reception at the India Office, and several smart dances each evening. From now on, things will really hum!



ENJOYING ICES AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: MISS EVELYN MILLARD AND MISS GRACE LANE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

For Summer Sunshine.

There is no wearsodainty and delicious at this time of year as white and materials that will wash. The

White House, 51, New Bond Street, is the place to go really to understand the delights of summer attire. Dresses of broderie Anglaise, with Irish lace round the hem and round the top of the bodice, such as that illustrated, are *chic* and elegant in the extreme; there are frocks that will grace the royal enclosure at Ascot, in embroidered tulle; and there are others, hand-embroidered, with Milanese lace let in, and sashes of the newest and softest rich colours, which are lovely. Immensely appreciated are the most stylish of blouses in handkerchief linen, with Valenciennes lace and turn-down lace-edged collars. They are in striped designs and very pretty colours, and are so beautifully cut and shaped as to be most becoming to stout wearers—who for such relief are devoutly thankful. These are charming for wearing with coats and skirts. A lovely Ninon-de-soie filet and Flemish lace dinner-coat to slip on over a pretty skirt is a desirable garment, and there are also washing-material coats and skirts, stylish, cool, and comfortable. Of course, the White House handkerchiefs are well known; they are made, hand-hemmed and hand-embroidered, by the firm; even the cheapest are hand-hemmed, at 7s. 6d. a dozen. There are the most beautiful things in drawn linen—tablecloths, with napkins to match. These are quite works of art. Muslin hand-embroidered bed-spreads, handkerchief-linen embroidered top-sheets, with pillow-cases to match, Irish damask and French hand-embroidered table-cloths are all to be seen in variety. It is, indeed, a place where the finest in linen and lingerie dresses is to be found.



A COMPETITOR AT GOLF: LADY SYBIL GREY, ELDER DAUGHTER OF EARL GREY, AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY.

Photograph by C.N.

How to Look Cool and Fresh.

great ladies in town for the season, and

with royal ladies who make no engagements, but who summon or go to this modern magician who charms away all signs of weariness or time, that she has been obliged to parcel out every quarter-of-an-hour of her day. So successful are the wonderful Cyclax preparations that the

premises at 58, South Audley Street have been enlarged and the postal department has been greatly extended. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that these preparations are so very useful in summer weather. There is one which prevents shininess of the nose—a consummation greatly to be desired; and there is a protective lotion which works wonders against the effects of exposure to sun and wind. It is dusted over with antiseptic face-powder, which does not clog the pores. Then there is a large pore lotion for closing the pores, and a marvellous astringent throat lotion for keeping the throat soft and round, as it should be in these days when dress and blouse bodices are open at the neck. There is a preparation, too, which removes all fur stains or marks from the neck; and there is the chin-strap to keep the lines firm and to remove that line which droops between the nose and the mouth. How successful these things and many others, prepared from this famous skin and line expert's own recipes, prove, is evidenced by the fact that the enormous number of expert assistants trained by her are always busy, that bookings for the season are very heavy, and that every client is charmed with the result of even one sitting.



TAKING PART IN A GOLF COMPETITION AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: MISS PAULINE CHASE.

As we note under a double-page of illustrations dealing with the same subject, the Theatrical Garden Party, at Chelsea, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, was a great success.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



THE WITCHERY OF WHITE: A DRESS IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE, WITH IRISH LACE ROUND THE HEM AND TOP OF THE BODICE.

The White House, 51, New Bond Street.

Countess Pappenheim's ball at the Ritz was one of the largest of the season, but not for a moment was the most skilful of hostesses outnumbered by her guests. Of all the five hundred, there were probably not five who were not made to feel that the ball was given largely on their account. Even the proverbial uninvited guest would probably have been abashed by cordiality. But neither uninvited guest nor Suffragette was discovered, though the announcement of "General and Mrs. Drummond" might have led to consternation, and a speech, had it not ushered in a gallant gentleman and his lady instead of the redoubtable Militante who is "Mrs." and "General" in one.



WITH MISS WINIFRED EMERY AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER: THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER ELDER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (DUCHESS OF FIFE) AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY.

Photograph by Topical.

Continued from page 318.]

and Swan United Electric Light Company. Holders of First Debentures do not share benefits with shareholders of successful companies, and, therefore, should be the very last people who are asked to make sacrifices when things go awry. We advise Debenture-holders in this Company to communicate with Mr. Lea Smith.

* * * * *

In certain quarters we have noticed suggestions that stocks and shares should be all in bearer-form, and be dealt in by travellers and agents throughout the country, the object being to interest small investors. The system has long been worked on the Continent, especially in France, to the benefit of the sellers, and would, we have little doubt, be equally successful over here from the same point of view; but unless carried on under laws and regulations of the strictest kind we fear the small investors would not find the system an unmixed blessing.

* * * * *

It is some time since we have had any bank amalgamations, but particulars are now announced of the absorption of the Sheffield and Hallamshire Bank by the London, City and Midland. The scheme seems a fair and equitable one for both parties, as the shareholders of the Bank to be absorbed will receive a cash bonus and a more marketable security returning the same amount in dividends, while the resources of the larger concern will enable it to extract full benefit from the new business.

THE "SHELL" REPORT.

The dividend announcement and Report of the Shell Transport and Trading Company have been received with singular apathy by the market. The actual announcement was preceded by a little selling, but when the figures were known the quotation hardly moved. The most optimistic forecasts were not fulfilled, but, nevertheless, the results are certainly very good. Against 20 per cent. for 1911, the dividend is now made up to 30 per cent. for 1912, and the usual interim distribution of 5 per cent. is declared for 1913.

As is always the case, the amount of information afforded in the Report is as meagre as decency allows—in fact, it might almost be called indecently meagre, but it is no good complaining.

Including £295,000 brought into the accounts, but deducting depreciation on investments, etc., there remains a credit balance of £1,436,000. The directors bring the reserves up to £3,000,000 by the addition of £46,624, pay dividends as above, and carry forward £265,000. Over a million has been allowed for depreciation by the intermediate Companies.

As we foreshadowed some time back, the directors now seek

powers to create a further 3,500,000 £1 Ordinary and 150,000 new £10 Preference shares, but state that no issue is contemplated immediately.

In some quarters disappointment is expressed over this latter statement, but we do not think the issue will be very long delayed. In other directions we have heard pessimistic views expressed that new capital should be needed at all, but we cannot see the slightest foundation for these fears. When the issue is made, present shareholders are sure to receive a handsome bonus; while, in addition, the fresh capital will be immediately remunerative, as it is to be employed in paying for newly acquired properties, which are even now earning substantial profits.

Prospects for oil-producers all over the world are as bright as ever they were, and we consider there is every reason to look for a further increase in the Company's prosperity during 1913.

Saturday, June 7, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOVEMBER.—We presume your Stores shares are Preference, and, if that is so, we suggest you should sell the Electric shares (if they are the Ordinary). It is a bad time to sell at present, so put it off until things are more settled.

H. S. M.—All three of your investments are very speculative. We advise the sale of (a) and (b). We do not like (c), but there is a fair chance that the market may be "put up"; but if you see a profit, take it.

SCRUTATOR.—The people you mention have a lot of second-rate Industrial stuff which they push for all they are worth by mixing with good investments. Don't take their advice or their shares. We often suggest Industrials, such as J. Sears Preference, Holbrook's Ordinary, etc.

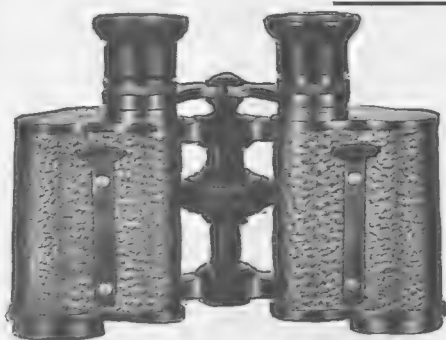
KORAH.—(1) We do not advise; (2), (3), and (4) seem to be very fair purchases for your purpose; (5) the market is rather restricted, and we therefore think you could do better.

SYNTAX.—Yours is a difficult letter to answer. We do not care for either (1) or (2), but it is hardly the time to sell anything if it can be avoided. (3) shows a heavy loss, but we believe you would be wise to cut your loss and sell. If this brings in enough money, keep the others until market conditions are better, but we should then advise you to clear them out.

The Directors of Carreras, Ltd. have declared an interim dividend on the Company's Ordinary shares at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended April 30. Warrants will be posted on June 19.

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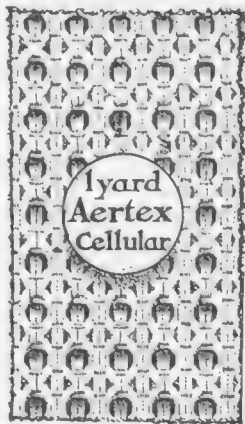
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Bexhill .. LEWIS, HYLAND, & CO., Devonshire Rd.
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Brighton .. G. OSBORNE & CO., 50, East St.
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Chesterfield .. H. J. COOK, High St.
Coventry .. HAYWARD & SON, 16 & 17, Broadgate.
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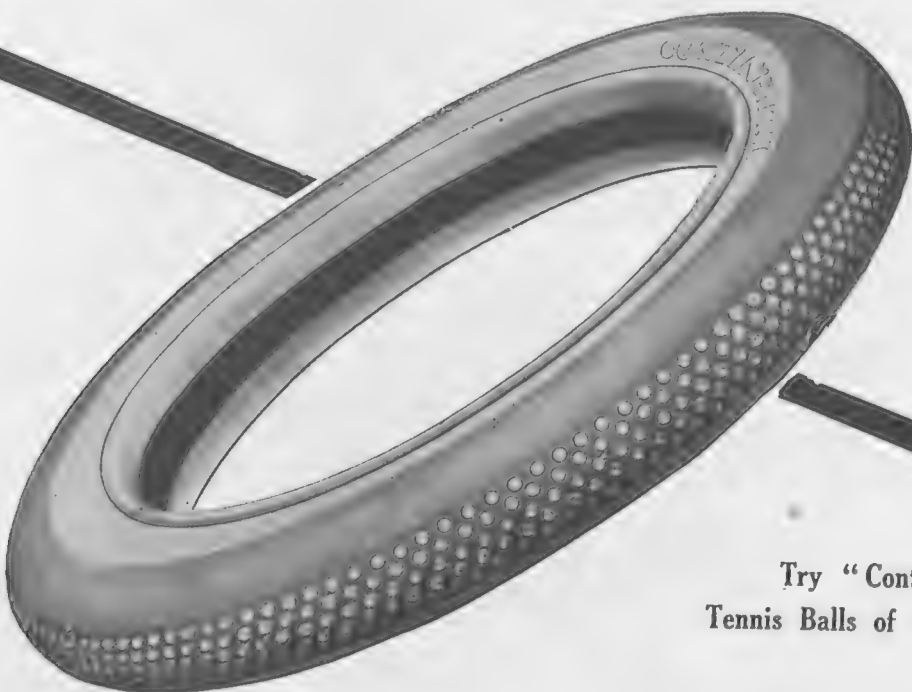
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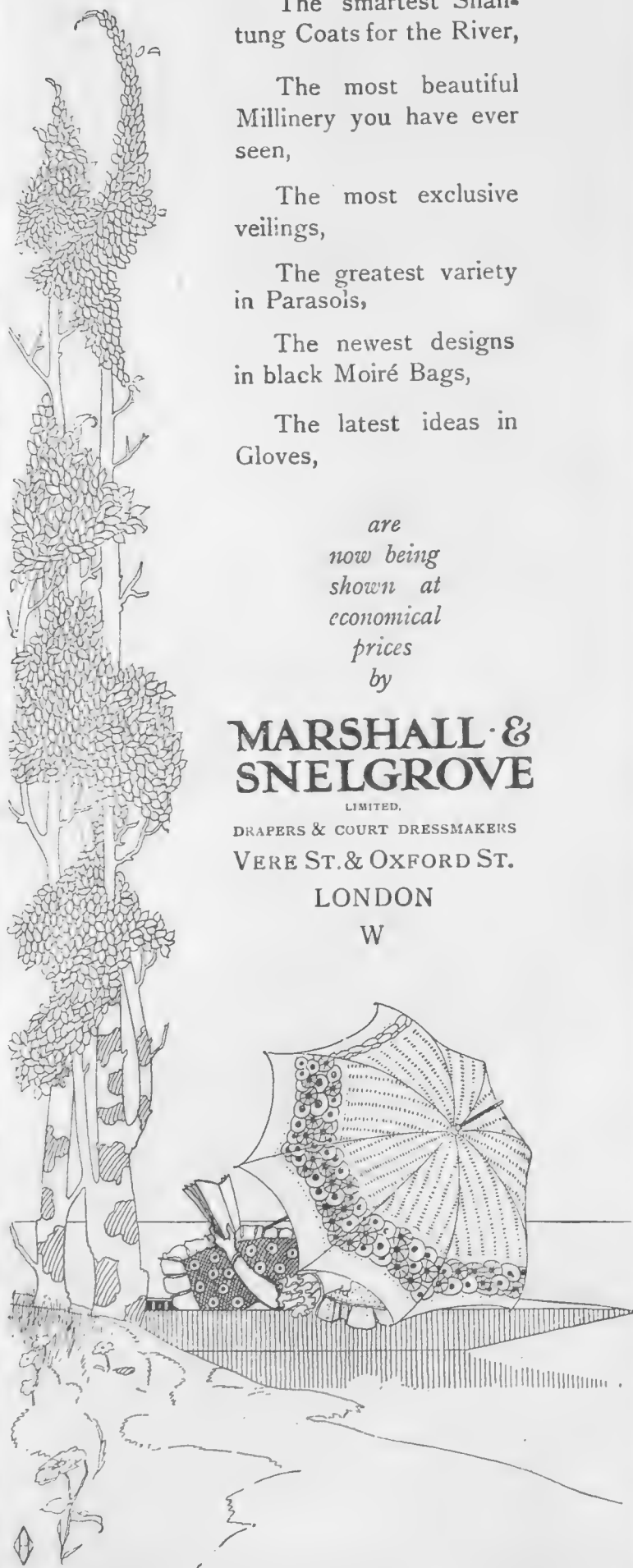
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(Continued.)

Pitted Panels and Marred Frocks.

Complaints loud and high are now to the fore with regard to the absolutely reckless manner in which some local authorities are tarring their roads. New and delicately painted cars have issued in the morning for a day's run, and have returned absolutely ruined as to appearance. Even when the car is proceeding as slowly as possible, the tarred grit throws up not only on to the body of the vehicle itself, but on to the dresses of the feminine occupants of the rear seats. One hardly knows which is the more terrible infliction of the two—to pit panels or to mar frocks. In view of all this, the A.A. say that they are in receipt of a large number of complaints with regard to the highly unsatisfactory methods now employed in the application of tar to the surfaces of our highways. The whole of the trouble would appear to centre upon two points—first, the practice of tarring a road over the whole width at one time, instead of carrying out the work in half-widths; and secondly, the practice of leaving the tar on the road without any binding material or at least without a sufficient quantity thereof to prevent the tar splashing up on to the vehicular traffic passing over it.

Catering at Brooklands.

Visitors to Brooklands—and they are an ever-increasing number—will learn with pleasure that, in order to meet the demands for the supply of meals in the paddock, and to regularise the service, a manageress has been appointed who will have complete control of the catering department. The catering at Brooklands has hitherto been a weak point in its attractions—not by reason of any slackness on the part of the management or from any lack of desire to do their best for their visitors, but solely from the reason that the place is a long way from any source of supply, and the business has always been reposed in the hands of caterers. The present arrangement is, of course, chiefly in the interests of members, who now patronise the grounds in ever-increasing numbers.

Cars Built by Battleship Builders.

"From Dreadnought to Motor-Car" is the title of an attractively produced and interesting little work sent out by Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., Ltd., of Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to afford the reader an idea of the extraordinary range of this firm's productions, and how its evolution in all its phases has led to the presentment of the perfect Armstrong-Whitworth motor-car. In a foreword, the author very truly says that "in all engineering industries, no manufacturers are brought into such personal contact with their customers as are the makers

of automobiles. A motor-car is sold as a personal possession, and on its satisfactory behaviour the comfort and happiness of its owner largely depend. Consequently, the knowledge that the car contemplated and to be purchased is the careful product of the brains and machinery responsible for the production of arms of precision, and all the bewildering mechanical intricacies of a modern battleship, must give sound and solid confidence. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that *esprit de corps* obtains to a wonderful extent at Elswick, and no workman there but feels the keenest pride in the firm's past achievements, and the work to come."

Petrol and Its Price.

Surely the heart of the motorist must have bounded within him when he opened his post one day last week to withdraw from an unpretending envelope a prospectus headed, "Petrol 10d. per gallon." How he must have rubbed his eyes and caught his breath and imagined for just a few fleeting moments that the halcyon days of cheap fuel were upon him once again. Alas! notwithstanding this alluring headline, I fear that much water has to flow under London Bridge before petrol is bought in this country at less than half the price imposed for it now. First has to be formed the Motor Petrol Association, Ltd., with a first issue of £300,000 in £20 shares. No single person will be allotted more than ten shares, which will carry cumulative dividend of six per cent. per annum; the balance of the profit available for distribution will be paid to members *pro rata* on their purchases or on shares held by them. The oil-fields concerned, which are most favourably reported upon, are in Baicoi and Tintea, also in Bustinari, Bordini, Aldeni, and Vulcanesti, Roumania. With a getting of 40,000 tons of crude oil per annum, a profit of £151,250 is estimated. So may it all be!

Some exceptionally interesting numbers, by Melba, Caruso, and others, have been added to the list of "His Master's Voice" gramophone records. They include the following:—By Caruso—Recit., "Je suis seul," Air, "Ah! fuyez douce image," "Manon" (Massenet); "Core 'ngrato" (Neapolitan Song) (Carolli); "Lo Schiavo" (Aria Americo) (Gomez); Scene, "Forse la soglia," Romanza, "Ma se m'e forza perderti," "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Verdi). By Melba—"L'Amoro saro costante," "Il Re Pastore" (Mozart). By Melba and Kubelik—"Ave Maria" (Gounod). By Scotti—Credo, "Otello" (Verdi); "Vi ravisso o luoghi ameni," "La Sonnambula" (Bellini). By Sammarco—"Non più andrai," "Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart). By Franz—"Plus blanche que la blanche hermine," "Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer). By Kirkby Lunn—Habañera, "Carmen" (Bizet). By McCormack—"Dai campi, dai prati," "Mefistofele" (Boito).



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£1000 INSURANCE. See page 1.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Lady Diana Manners; The Bumping and the Suffragette Derby; Well-known Masqueraders at "A Fête at Versailles"; Society in the Open; Among the Buys; "The Marriage Market," at Daly's; The Ladies' Golf Championship.

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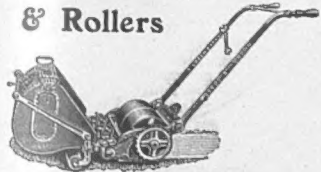
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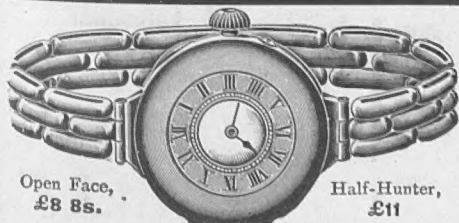
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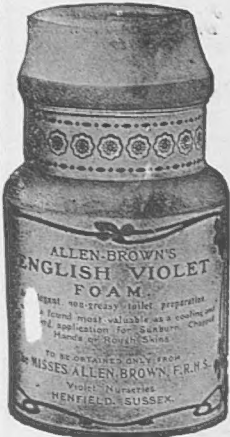
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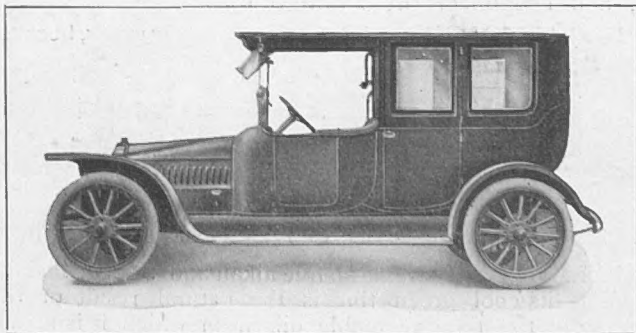
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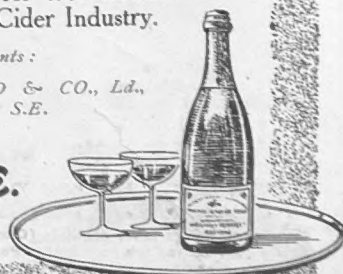
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IN THE GREAT WORLD: SIR J. M. BARRIE.

NOBODY has been able to congratulate the new Baronet, because nobody could find him. Ten titles would not bring him from seclusion, or, if they did, would not make him pocket his briar in Piccadilly to talk unprofitable talk. He has been called "the shyest man alive," but his is the shyness that pays: it leaves him with his preferences intact. Sir James Matthew Barrie (he must now decide for the benefit of the Roll of Baronets whether his second name, which he has only used thrice in his life, is spelled with one *t* or two) has known all the people he has cared to know, in and out of Thrums. Stevenson and Meredith were his friends; he has, besides, his dogs. If he hides from other people it is because he can never reject a proffered friendship with unkindness, or rebuff his superfluous acquaintance.

The Bar to Barrie.

He has probably created the legend of shyness for his own convenience. After he had made one of his rare speeches, at a Greenock Burns Club dinner, there appeared in a London paper a scathing account of the performance. Barrie as a speaker was demolished. "Who on earth can have been so unkind?" asked the staff. But the editor kept the secret, and hid away the manuscript—in J. M. B.'s autograph. The Scot found himself delivered from after-dinner deliverances.

In Private Life.

In the light of the legend, his record is not uninteresting. At ten years old he ran away from the Dumfries Academy, and a little later wrote letters, signed "Paterfamilias," to the local paper. At football he had so little shyness that he was asked to go into training for the Scottish football team, but instead he answered an advertisement for a leader-writer on a Nottingham paper, asked £3 a week, "although I would have accepted ros. willingly," and got the job. "I went," he says, "through a pile of papers I found stuffed away in a fireplace, and found out how leaders were written." In the meantime he had grown famous in Dumfries for his acting. He was the leading "amateur" of a private club, and made hits as Phœbe in "Paul Pry," as Adele in "The Weavers," and Sir Heavycloud Weatherdull in "The Shuffling Party." He also wished at one time to retire into the privacy of the House of Commons.

What Thrums Thought.

When he discovered Thrums, it was Thrums, and not Barrie, that felt embarrassed. An old inhabitant, interviewed on the question of "The Little Minister," said: "Fouk tell me Mr. Barrie's done

a lot for Thrums, but, man, A'm dootin't, A'm dootin't. Na, na, it micht dae for young fouk wi' nae true regard for speeritual things and wi' fouk in London, but no wi' a Scotch Presbyterian audience. Na, na." For all that, Barrie kept in touch with the place he loved. He returned to open a bazaar, and made a speech that rehabilitated him. And although he says he has never been on a platform without wanting to get underneath it, he has a sneaking kindness for the publicity of kindliness. At the bazaar of the Students' Union at St. Andrews he confessed that he lived through long days of horrid authorship in Old Cavendish Street "counting the hours till his time came to write something really good and gratis for a charity."

"Barrie, Barrie!"

At Belvoir Castle, in the frolic of spring, he has, it is true, kept the Ladies Manners and their guests amused. But he considers, as a rule, that he has done his duty by the gaiety of the nation in the theatre. When there are shouts of "Barrie, Barrie!" at the fall of the curtain on a first night, it is not Barrie, but a gentleman with a much smoother shirt, who comes forward to explain that "the author is, unfortunately, in the country." And has he not a right, at such moments, to sit back into the shadow of his box? The friends who shout for him forget they have been treated to undiluted "Barrie" all the evening.

The Bird in Hand.

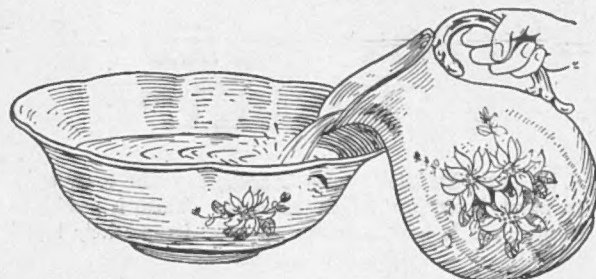
His genius is for intimacy—an intimacy that runs into a hundred editions and full houses for a thousand-and-one nights. He was intimate to the point of "revelation" about Thrums; about a mother because he had one and loved one; about children because he loves them and has none. His fairyland is in Kensington Gardens because he lived at Leinster Corner; he must have his subject in hand, and his hand upon his subject. He found he could not go on writing about Scotland while he listened to the twittering of London sparrows and watched the procession of the London perambulators. "Peter Pan" itself would have grown too old for him after ten years of success if "Peter Pan" had not kept an intimate and living hold upon its author. Haying turned children into a play, he tolerates his play only because he can turn it back into children. All the players of the play have interested him. That Pauline should keep young at heart became much more his concern than the fate of his play. His god-child Peter, the son of Miss Cecilia Loftus (Mrs. Waterman) has wholly usurped the place of the "Wendy" of unreality in his affections.

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